

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## A MEMORY.

How fair she was! 'Tis years ago —  
 But I behold her yet.  
 She sat within the firelight's glow  
 The night that first we met.  
 How fair she was! Her very dress  
 Was all of snowy fur.  
 It was no wonder, I confess,  
 I fell in love with her.

How beautiful she seemed to me!  
 Her voice — I hear it still —  
 Flowed softer than the melody  
 Of any summer rill;  
 I saw her eyes all-golden shine,  
 As in the glow we sat.  
 She was — ah, would she now were mine! —  
 A perfect Persian cat!

Temple Bar.

## COURTSHIP OR MARRIAGE?

MARRIAGE is an ordered garden,  
 Courtship, a sweet tangled wood;  
 Marriage is the sober Summer,  
 Courtship, Spring, in wayward mood;  
 Marriage is a deep, still river,  
 Courtship, a bright, laughing stream;  
 Marriage is a dear possession,  
 Courtship, a perplexing dream:  
 Which of these, my wife, shall be  
 Crowned as best by thee and me?

Marriage is the blue day's beauty,  
 Courtship, the capricious morn;  
 Marriage is the sweet rose gathered,  
 Courtship, bud still fenced with thorn;  
 Marriage is the pearl in setting,  
 Courtship is the dangerous dive;  
 Marriage the full comb of honey,  
 Courtship, the new-buzzing hive:  
 Which of these, dear wife shall be  
 First preferred by thee and me?

O, the tangled wood was lovely,  
 When we found it, in our play,  
 Parting curiously the branches  
 White with masses of the may,  
 Eagerly the paths exploring  
 Leading to we knew not where,  
 Save that million flowers edged them,  
 And that bird-songs lit the air,  
 Thrushes' joy-notes, Philomela's  
 Still more exquisite despair.

How we wandered! Now our wildwood  
 Has become a garden-plot,  
 Something missed of that strange sweetness,  
 In the method of our lot.  
 Ordered walks, and formal borders  
 For the wood-paths strange and wild,  
 Rose superb, and stately lily,  
 Where the careless wood flowers smiled,  
 Summer, grave and sober matron,  
 For sweet Spring, the eager child:  
 Which, O which preferred shall be,  
 Twelve-years' wife, by thee and me?

Nay, the garden has its glory,  
 Stately flower and fruit mature;  
 And the wild wood had its dearthness,  
 Strange delights and wonders pure;  
 And the summer has fulfilment,  
 If the spring has promise-store;  
 And the river is the deeper,  
 If the young brook laugheth more;  
 And the real joy abideth,  
 When the teasing dreams are o'er.

And the broad blue sky has glories,  
 If the morn was wildly fair;  
 And the gathered rose is safer,  
 If the buds more piquant were;  
 And the pearl is rare and precious,  
 If the dive was full of glee;  
 And we would not change our honey,  
 For the flower-quest of the bee;  
 Sweet is courtship; sweet is marriage:  
 Crown them, darling, equally! \*  
 "Valentines to my Wife." S. R. VERNON.

\* From "Valentines to my Wife" — one section of a new and characteristic volume, entitled "Gleanings after Harvest; or, Idylls of the Home," by the author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye." Cassell.

## AMORIS INTEGRATIO.

If I might choose, my fellow-servant said,  
 And shyly turn'd her glowing cheek away,  
 If I might choose, which never till to-day  
 Was woo'd by man nor by myself betray'd,  
 I would not be thus shamefast, nor affray'd:  
 For neither joy, till now, nor tyrannous  
 love,  
 Nor loneliness, did ever me so move  
 But that I wish'd to live and die a maid.

And yet, she said, I am not so dismay'd  
 By that great mystery of married souls,  
 Whereby each serves and also each con-  
 trols,  
 And either is the other's light and shade,  
 As that I could not bring myself to see  
 The dear delight of being a part of thee.  
 Academy. M.

THE idle life I lead  
 Is like a pleasant sleep,  
 Wherein I rest and heed  
 The dreams that by me sweep.

And still of all my dreams  
 In turn so swiftly past,  
 Each in its fancy seems  
 A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,  
 Noting my step in bliss,  
 That I have known no day  
 In all my life like this.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

From The Quarterly Review.

SEDGWICK'S LIFE AND LETTERS.\*

THIS is, in several ways, a very interesting and useful memorial of a remarkable man; but it might, we venture to say, have been doubled in interest, and more than doubled in utility, if it had been halved in length. No one would object to a couple of volumes or even more being dedicated to a biographical portraiture, when the subject has stood high above the mass of mankind, — a king of thought or action by whom new fields of knowledge have been opened, new conditions of society inaugurated, or the course of the world permanently changed. But until human life shall be lengthened, or a considerable portion of its crowded interests eliminated, two huge volumes, containing nearly twelve hundred pages, must be pronounced inordinate for the record of even the foremost of the lower rank whether of thinkers or workers, however useful they may have been in their generation, or large the troop of friends in whose affections their departure has left a vacant place. Had the old Hebrew "Ecclesiastes," or the writer of his epilogue, lived in this day of monster biographies, it may be easily conjectured that his complaint of the numerousness of books would have been supplemented by a sarcastic growl at their bulk. All parties suffer from this undue prolixity of literary commemoration. The quality of the volumes is deteriorated, their circulation contracted, the reader of them bored; while the object of the cult himself, instead of being presented in clear and sharp outline which stamps itself on the memory, becomes attenuated into a confused and washy image, indistinctly discerned and readily forgotten.

In the case before us, the mischief may be partly due to the fact that the work is the joint production of two authors, one of whom undertook the biography proper, and the other the science; in practical independence of each other, we should guess, and light-hearted irresponsibility for the resulting bulkiness. At any rate

there is no room here for pleading in excuse that while the bereavement is recent, and the sense of loss bitter, it is difficult to restrict the volume in which affectionate admiration loves to pour itself forth. The lapse of seventeen years was surely ample enough to allow the cooler judgment to control the effusiveness of the heart.

The pictorial illustrations with which the letter-press is enlivened are significant of the scale on which the work is constructed. Besides four portraits or sketches of the subject of the memoir, we find one of his father, another of John Dawson, the remarkable old surgeon-mathematician with whom he read for a few months before entering Cambridge, and a third of Dr. Woodward, the founder of the geological professorship of which Sedgwick was the seventh tenant. Then we have two views of the street of his native place, the little town of Dent, and another of the vicarage in which he was born, a drawing of the farmhouse in which he lodged while he was a boy at Sedburgh school, a sketch of the old doorway of the school, a view of the house at Norwich occupied by him when in residence as canon of the cathedral, and another of a fountain erected to his memory at his birthplace. All this may possibly afford gratification to leisurely readers with whom time is no object, but it can scarcely be called business. Still more flagrant is the waste of room caused by prefacing the biography with a chapter of forty-four pages devoted to the geography, history, and social characteristics of the vale of Dent; and by taking occasion of Sedgwick's election to the Woodwardian professorship to fill another long chapter with notices of its founder, and of the first six occupants of the chair. One may be thankful that a line has been drawn somewhere in the range of possible topics, and that the record of Sedgwick's election on the foundation of Trinity has not been expanded into a history of the great college, with notices of its royal founder. Speaking more generally, we should say that the letters selected for publication, charming as many of them are beyond all other contents of the work, are twice as

\* The Life and Letters of Adam Sedgwick. By J. Willis Clark and T. McKenny Hughes. 2 vols. London, 1890.

many as are needed to exhibit the writer's personality and character; and that a great deal of space besides is needlessly taken up by trivial details of geological tours, which really afford neither instruction nor entertainment. Occasionally, too, a more severe reticence would have been desirable about unedifying and long-buried contentions, notably the quarrel with Sir Roderick Murchison, and the war of pamphlets with Dr. French, the master of Jesus College. The account given of the latter incident has, we notice, elicited, and we fear with reason, an indignant protest from one of Dr. French's representatives.

Having thus despatched the least grateful portion of our critical task, from which as wielding for the nonce the bâton of the literary police we have not thought it right to shrink, we pass on with relief to the more pleasing part of our office. While endeavoring to arrive at an estimate of Sedgwick's character and achievement, it must be borne in mind that his bringing up was an entirely rude and rustic one, among the hardy dalesmen of the north-west corner of Yorkshire where it juts into Westmoreland, whose warm blood, simplicity of character, and sturdy features of both mind and body were his best inheritance. He tells us himself, "I never saw London till I was a fellow of Trinity College, after six years of university residence." Here may be found, it seems, the explanation of the singularly dull and barren record of his youth and early manhood, during which he was wearing off his awkward rusticity and ignorance of the world, and slowly growing into familiarity with a more advanced culture and thought. In fact, the only point of interest presented by this portion of his life is the piquant contrast between his strong domestic affections, and his professed contempt, perhaps in part affected, for matrimony. What could be tenderer than his language about his mother! "The word 'mother' has a charm in its sound, and there was a blank in the face of nature, and a void in my heart, when I ceased to have one. . . . The memory of my dear mother and my dear old father throws a heavenly light over all the passages of my early life."

Yet what more cynical than the language of his early manhood about the tenderest of all relations! To his most intimate friend, William Ainger, afterwards principal of St. Bees, and canon of Chester, he writes at the age of twenty-three: "Marriage may be well enough when a man is on his last legs, but you may depend on it that to be linked to a wife is to be linked to misery. From the horrid state of matrimony I hope long to be delivered;" and three years later, he rejoices that a friend with whom he is staying "is not tormented by that bane of domestic happiness, *a wife*." Yet, if ever a man revelled in female society, especially that of lively damsels, finding in it a stimulus which quickened his faculties and brightened his life, it was Sedgwick in his maturer years. Nor, by his own confession, was even his earlier life free from affairs of the heart. In a letter written in his seventieth year, giving an account of a visit to Matlock in 1818, when he was thirty-three, he says: "That year I was a dancing-man, and I fell three-quarters in love, but as you know did not put my head through love's noose." Again, in a playful letter to one of his young female confessors three years earlier, he parenthetically acknowledges, "I have all my life been thought like Romeo, and, like him, I have been sadly crossed in love." Not till late in life did he quite renounce the prospect of marriage, and even then with an evident pang, as we learn from a letter written when he was sixty: "I have now given up all thoughts of marriage, and it is high time, is it not? But, do you know, it is a very hard thing for a man to give up, even at my own time of life." In the whimsical manner which was characteristic of him, he laid at the door of his sponsors his doom to die unmarried. "Both my god-fathers," he used to say, "are old bachelors, and my godmother (God be with her!) is as arrant an old maid as ever whispered scandal round a tea-table. My own destinies were therefore fixed at the font, and I already feel myself fast sinking in the mire of celibacy." But the lot was of his own choosing. If till middle life want of pecuniary means was an insurmountable hindrance, before he had com-



pleted his half-century the obstacle was removed by the offer from Lord Brougham of a valuable chancellor's living. Commenting on his refusal of this for the sake of his fellowship and geological chair, his biographer remarks: "Sedgwick made a fatal mistake when he cut himself off irrevocably from marriage. . . . In the loneliness which is inseparable from old age within the precincts of a college, he not seldom dwelt upon what might be, had he been blest with a wife and children."

Of the truth of this remark the published correspondence offers frequent confirmation. For instance, at fifty-eight he pathetically writes: "I have been a bad economist of my happiness; I am withering on the ground without fruit or blossom, and am not permitted to live over again in the joys of the young who are near and dear to me." And again, four years later: "I am certain that I have not been a good economist of my own happiness. But I am never in good spirits for a day or two after my return from college. 'Tis after all but a cold home." In less direct ways also the sense of having missed a blessing which might have been his for the asking betrays itself more or less clearly. It may be detected in his delight in romantic love-affairs, and in the weddings of his young friends, and perhaps in the relish with which he promises Dr. and Mrs. Somerville to rig up for them in college "a regular four-posted matrimonial bed—a thing utterly out of our regular monastic system." So also in his enthusiastic admiration for the great Swedish singer: "Jenny Lind has been here . . . Were it not a sin, I should envy the man who is going to marry her. It once or twice struck me how charming it would be to have her at one's side and to teach her English. Is it not said that old men dream dreams?" One more passage must be added, for the sake of illustrating the mixture of fun and pathos, which was habitual with him. Informing a correspondent that he had returned to Norwich to assist at the marriage of the bishop's niece, he goes on:—

Whenever I am seen in Norwich all the lasses cry out with ecstasy, "There's Pro-

fessor Sedgwick, and now we shall have a wedding!" I am looked on as Dan Cupid's whipper-in and Hymen's torchbearer. A fool may be a wit's whetstone (better a whetstone than nothing), and an old bachelor, if he do nothing else, may warn by his example, and teach men not to do as he has done, but to listen to reason, and learn how to love wisely before the soul is withered in a withered body.

Another thing to be taken into account, when the limitation or partial failure of Sedgwick's career, in comparison with his great abilities, is to be explained, is the almost continuous ill-health to which he was subject from his early manhood. "From 1813 to his death," says his biographer, "he could never count on robust health for even a single day." Undoubtedly the scantiness of his achievement as a whole was due, in a considerable degree, to a defect in his native temperament, which with all its energy and emotional force lacked steadfastness and concentration, and never allowed him to be thoroughly loyal to his vocation as a man of science. But the effect of constitutional weakness of purpose, in impairing and limiting his work, was certainly aggravated to a serious extent by the continual recurrence of fits of physical infirmity, which were almost sure to interrupt and postpone the business in hand, whenever it made a call on his powers for peculiar application and sustained self-restraint. This may fairly be pleaded in extenuation of the somewhat severe judgment passed upon him by his biographer when describing the position in which Sedgwick found himself on his election to the geological chair:—

Most men in the position which Sedgwick now held, with an annual course of lectures to deliver, the value of which had received a substantial acknowledgment from the University—a Museum to maintain—and the almost boundless field of geology before him, a *terra incognita* of which he had just commenced the exploration—would have devoted themselves to their new duties with a singleness of purpose which would have excluded most other interests. But this was what Sedgwick never could bring himself to do. He had no intellectual self-control; he could never shut his eyes and ears to what was going on around him; and we shall continually find

his geological work laid aside for long intervals, because he had allowed himself to be carried away by something foreign to what ought to have been the real purpose of his life—something which others less occupied than himself would have done as well [as], or better than he did. . . . The consequences may be easily imagined. Geological memoranda which ought to have been arranged when the subject was fresh in his mind were laid aside: specimens remained for months—sometimes for years—undetermined, or even not unpacked; promised papers were not finished—perhaps not begun.

To the same effect was the opinion which his brother geologist, but on a higher level of science, expressed after Sedgwick had explained to him his refusal of the chancellor's living, and his resolve to hold on to geology till he had brought out a volume on the primary rocks—"a book," he said, "with which I have been pregnant for seven or eight years:—"

I know Sedgwick well enough [wrote Lyell, in his diary] to feel sure that the work won't be done in a year, nor perhaps in two; and then a living, etc., won't be just ready, and he is growing older. He has not the application necessary to make his splendid abilities tell in a work. Besides, every one leads him astray. A man should have some severity of character, and be able to refuse invitations, etc. The fact is that to become great in science a man must be nearly as devoted as a lawyer, and must have more than mere talent.

In his whimsical way Sedgwick pretended to ascribe his valetudinarian habit to circumstances attending his birth which were a favorite topic of his lighter moods. Here is the latest version of them, written to one of his young lady intimates in his eighty-sixth year:—

'Tis a damp wind that tortures the hygrometrical skin I owe to an old hag of a midwife. I will let you into a secret! In the year 1785 I was introduced into this wicked, freezing, and fighting world by an aged midwife, who wrapped my youthful person in a hygrometrical envelope, which stuck so tightly to me that (with all my rubbing, scraping, kicking, and plunging, for eighty-five long years) I have never been able to shake it off. Here it is—creased and fretted a little—but as close a fit as ever!

We are on safer ground when we accept the more serious explanation given by him, in the way of warning, to the young men of his geological class at the close of his fortieth annual course of lectures, under the impression that he was taking a final leave of them, though in fact he continued to lecture for twelve years more. The notes for the occasion contain the

following passage: "I lost my health by hard reading—by the festive habits of the university—and for five years I was in a condition often of wretchedness. Caution the young men." It must not be inferred from this frank confession that he was ever given to any excess beyond what was customary in those days of rude conviviality; indeed, for the greater part of his long life he was exceptionally temperate. The mischief was begun early, in his native place where, as his biographer tells us, "from the young men of his own age, whose ideas of amusement were confined to sport, wakes, and drinking-bouts, he could have learnt nothing but tastes and customs more honored in the breach than the observance." Unfortunately the tone of society at Cambridge, during the first fifteen years of the century, was scarcely such as to bring the incautious youth under that discipline of self-restraint, which a few years later was imperiously forced upon him by the break down of his health. How keen were his regrets may be seen from the utterances of his declining years. "What a comparative blank my life has been! If I ever conceived a plan, I rarely began it, or I left others to carry it out." "With you," he once wrote to Whewell, "supply and demand go together in deeds, with me only in words. *Vox et prateria nihil* should be my motto."

In compensation for physical infirmity Sedgwick's temperament was an elastic one, providing him with an inexhaustible fund of high spirits which found amusement everywhere, and made even his bodily pains a subject of grotesque description. Perhaps his letters during the last third of his life are too full of his ailments, but they are not the less entertaining on that account. Now he is "as mellifluous as a frog;" then "my nose is quite indecent—my eyes are two living fountains of salt water; voice I have none that is human, but I sometimes bark like an old toothless mastiff. I am little better than a barking automaton." He is tormented by influenza, but has his revenge in telling a fair correspondent that "the influenza is worse than Circe's dose. It turns a man, even a beautiful man like myself (for surely, my dear Kate, you might say of me in Milton's own words, 'Adam, the goodliest man of men since born'), into a slimy reptile." Gout prostrates him, and compels him to make colchicum his meat and drink for a month, till he is "as stupid as an ill-fed jackass, and as cross as a cat with its foot in a trap." For a cough he is rubbed and reddened with a

liniment which gave him "a sort of horrible red mange, and made him unfit for a civilized piggery." At another time he feels as if his "bones were all gelatinized, and his brain turped into cold starch." Other personal peculiarities come in for a share of his fun. His handwriting is a series of vicious inclinations. His rugged, dark complexioned face becomes his "weather-beaten, time-harried, smoke-dried physiognomy." *Apropos* of which the well known story is repeated how Sedgwick, Whewell, and Peacock, were one day standing on the hearth-rug in front of a mirror, and Sedgwick catching sight of the three faces in reflection exclaimed, "I declare the three ugliest men in England are standing on this rug at the present moment!"

The turning-point of Sedgwick's career was his election to the Woodwardian chair in his thirty-fourth year. Up to that period he had shown no marked predilection for any particular kind of life-work. To procure a livelihood had been his sole object. "It was sheer poverty that drove me into harness," was his own confession. For this he toiled at mathematics, as the most paying line of study, and he was rewarded by the high honor of being fifth wrangler, and two years later by a fellowship. Private tuition and a college lectureship in mathematics naturally followed, and he found the duties they entailed a distasteful drudgery. After seven years' tenure of his fellowship the statutes compelled him to take holy orders; but how little vocation he felt for the sacred office may be inferred from the cool way in which he notified to his friend Ainger his appointment, while absent seven years later on a geological trip, to a small college living, a few miles from Cambridge: "I found by a letter that I was presented by the college to a small living near Cambridge which I can hold with my fellowship. A few hours after I reached Cambridge I went up to London to be instituted. To-morrow I read in. . . I fear I shall not have much time for sermons, but I have hired a curate." From the weary listlessness and "melancholy depression of mind"—to use his own phrase—engendered by the failure to find any congenial employment for the powers of which he was conscious, the opportune vacancy in the geological professorship at last delivered him. That he clutched eagerly at this opening into a freer life, as a drowning man seizes hold of anything that may save his life, is apparent from his manner of informing Ainger of his intention to

become a candidate. After speaking of the recent successes of Trinity men, he goes on:—

Notwithstanding this blaze of honors, I am most heartily sick of my connection with the Tuition, and only wish for an adequate motive for resigning all hopes in that quarter. Now such a motive will probably present itself; for it is generally expected in Cambridge that the Woodwardian Professorship will be vacant by the marriage of Hailstone. In case that event should take place I mean to offer myself as a candidate. . . . If I succeed, I shall have a motive for *active* exertion in a way which will promote my intellectual improvement, and I hope make me a happy and useful member of society. I am not such a fool as to suppose that my present employment is useless; and my pecuniary prospects are certainly better than they would be if I were Woodwardian Professor. Still, as far as the improvement of the mind is considered, I am at this moment doing nothing. Nay, I often very seriously think that I am doing worse than nothing; that I am gradually losing that little information I once had, and very sensibly approximating to that state of fatuity to which we must all come if we remain here long enough.

On the other hand, his election could only be justified on the principle, that of a science in its infancy, about which few possess more than a mere smattering of knowledge, a clever, energetic man whose mind in regard to it is still a blank, is likely to turn out as good a teacher as any one else. Only one opponent faced him at the poll, Mr. Gorham, afterwards famous as the hero of the great ecclesiastical suit. Sedgwick's account of his own success is probably more amusing than accurate. "I had but one rival, Gorham of Queen's," he said, "and he had not the slightest chance against me, for I knew absolutely nothing of geology, whereas he knew a good deal—but it was all wrong!" What really determined the voting was not any suspicion of the soundness of Gorham's geological faith, but the attractive character of Sedgwick, which by this time had gained him many enthusiastic adherents; the result, it must be confessed, vindicated the choice. The new professor flung himself with all his fiery energy into the enterprise of acquiring a practical acquaintance with the science on which he was to lecture in the following spring; and in a measure as he learnt himself he taught and continued to teach his pupils, till he had accomplished fifty-two annual courses of lectures without a single intermission.

That Sedgwick ever attained the highest rank as a teacher of his science cannot be

fairly claimed for him. Even as a popular expositor, he rather "fired the imaginations" of his audience, to employ his own phrase, than laid out his subject in clear and logical order. With age his lectures became extremely discursive; personal reminiscences, biographical touches, brilliant bursts, and laughter-kindling jokes, being mixed up with the more prosaic details, so as to produce a miscellaneous conglomerate, more delightful in the hearing than profitable for the examination room. With regard to the quality of his intellect, it is not, we think, unfair to say that it was not eminently a scientific one. What he excelled in most was field-work — practical observation of the dip, cleavage, and succession of strata; in this department of geology he did admirable service towards placing the new science on a firm foundation. But in co-ordinating the vast array of facts so as to form out of them a basis for the great cosmical theories which are the inheritance of his successors, he lagged behind his more philosophical contemporaries. He never broke loose from the entanglement of attempted reconciliations with the Biblical cosmogony, never ceased to invoke "successive creations of the organic kingdoms" to account for the order of life revealed in the rocks and clays; Lyell's great generalization of uniformity was always a stumbling-block to him, and evolution in every shape was to the end hated by him with a perfect hatred. It was years before he could discard the puerile idea, that the "vast masses of diluvial gravel scattered almost over the surface of the earth" were all due to the single catastrophe of the Noachian deluge; and not till after half a century of geological study could he bring himself to ascribe any validity to the evidences for the vast antiquity of the human race, as contrasted with the historical period. Taken altogether, with all his acknowledged quickness of eye for the physical phenomena of the earth's surface, he was rather a journeyman-worker than a master in the field of his science; yet in this subordinate position, by his ardor and enterprise, his racy utterances and social charm, he did more to popularize the subject than many who from the merely scientific point of view must be ranked considerably above him.

It is easy to perceive that Sedgwick's experiences, as hammer in hand — "Old Thor" he used to call it — he climbed the mountains, roamed through the valleys, and scoured the plains in search of geological knowledge, played a leading part

in the development of his social faculties. He mixed with persons of every class and every degree of culture, gaily stood the fire of jokes to which the only explorers of the strata were exposed, and made himself at home everywhere. His biographer's sketch of him on his excursions is too pleasant to be passed over: —

He always contrived to combine a large amount of amusement with business. "That lively gentleman, Mr. Sedgwick," as he was called by a stranger who met him in a stage-coach, had a happy knack of making himself agreeable to everybody with whom he happened to be brought into contact, and his geological tours gave him a wide and varied experience of mankind. With all sorts and conditions of men — quarrymen, miners, fishermen, smugglers, shepherds, artisans, grooms, innkeepers, clergy of all denominations, squires, noblemen — he was equally communicative, and soon became equally popular. He could make the most silent talk, and could extract information and amusement out of materials that seemed at first sight destitute of either quality.

All the while a deeper education of his inner man was going forward. Till his appointment to the Norwich Canonry in his fiftieth year — Lord Brougham's last act as chancellor — we find little to remind us of his sacred office; but from that time we begin to observe beneath the exuberance of the social life an unobtrusive piety, which had been rooting itself unseen in the depths of his being. His faith appears to have always remained as simple as in the days of his youth, but with years it assumed more and more the government of his life, and at last filled his heart with a settled peace and hope. From a favorite niece, who lovingly ministered to his comforts in the final stage of his earthly course, we have a touching and beautiful account of the closing scenes; of which, since it is too sacred for reproduction here, we are content to remark that it breathes of the humility, trust, and love, which are the most appropriate ornaments of the aged Christian's soul in the prospect of death.

We have said that Sedgwick's own letters form the peculiar charm of the book. It was here that he unbosomed himself without reserve, and unconsciously, but with inimitable skill, drew a portrait of himself. Never was the epistolary pen employed with more *abandon* and ease; never did there issue from it a greater wealth of picturesque and racy expression. Each passing emotion of a peculiarly impressible mind and heart is reflected to



the life; and whether the writer is letting off his "tearing spirits" in excellent fooling, or pouring out his heart in tender affection, or administering wise counsel and consolation, or trenchantly dealing with political and social questions, all is equally unstudied and natural. No extracts that our space will allow would give any adequate idea of the amusement to be found in many of the letters; all we can attempt is to pick out a passage here and there which adds a touch to the writer's portraiture of himself.

His account of the commencement of his residence at Norwich claims the first notice:—

My residence at Norwich forms a strange episode in my history. Now that I am once again in my old haunts, I can hardly believe that I have not been dreaming. While there, I was in the position of Vice-Dean. In the absence of the Dean I was the official representative of the dignity of the Chapter—called upon to practise a series of formal hospitalities in a queer, old-fashioned, in-and-out, ugly old house. Several times I was afraid of being on my beam-ends, but by some special providence I was saved from shipwreck, and am at last safe in port. Everybody was kind and hospitable; indeed, I have been almost killed with kindness: and all the good old Tory inhabitants of the rookery seemed mightily anxious to see how such a monster as a Whig Prebendary would behave at meals; and you may depend upon it they have all been much built up with the sight. I did, however, contrive to bring together more heretics and schismatics within my walls than ever had been seen before in a Prebendal house since the foundation of the Cathedral. Independents and High Churchmen were seen licking out of the same flesh-pots, and Quakers crossed my threshold without fear and trembling. . . . Friend Amelia [Mrs. Opie] you know well. I like her much; but I never dared to rumple her cap in the way you mention. I have also been much given to preaching, holding forth twice, and sometimes thrice, on a Sunday.

It may be inferred that Sedgwick's ecclesiastical predilections were far apart from those of the new Oxford School, the rise of which he had watched with anxiety; and many were the words of uncompromising censure it received from him. Here is his comment on the secessions of 1845. "You will before this have heard that Newman and more than twenty others of the Oxford School have at length gone over to Rome. Shame on them that they did not do so long since! Their attempt to remain in the Church of England while they held opinions such as they have published only proves that fanaticism

and vulgar honesty can seldom shake hands and live together. I pity their delusion, I despise their sophistry, and I hate their dishonesty." Five years afterwards he sounded an emphatic note of warning against Romanizing tendencies, in the overgrown preface to the fifth edition of his "Discourse on the Studies of the University"—that curiously made up volume to which has been wittily transferred the description of a singed sheep's head, as having "some fine confused eating in it;"—and his estimate of the "High Church party" never changed. For instance, writing when he was eighty a farewell to Livingstone, he speaks sorrowfully of their "formal superstitious observances," and "the idolatrous element rife amongst us;" and two years later he notes as one of the evil signs of the times, "the coxcombry and popish apery of numerous clergymen of the Church of England." The same attitude of mind prompted his expression of thankfulness to Julius Hare, for his defence of Luther against the "mincing dilettantes and rabid reviewers who had joined in open-mouthed cry against the greatest and best man who has lived since the days of the first apostles."

Indeed, everything new in the Church excited his ire. The Church Congress was "a great theological Babel," from which when it assembled at Norwich he fled for refuge to Lowestoft. Convocation fared no better at his hands; witness the following outburst:—

The debates carried on in the Houses of Convocation often fill me with amazement; sometimes they are dull enough—a kind of pious windbag which ought to stuff a hassock. Then they expose to view seared mediæval knick-knacks of antiquated pattern. Then come tricks of art, and new terms of a new logic. Then comes a fermentation and a fire, such as transforms men's nature, and makes meek men into sons of thunder. Does it not seem to you that common sense has of late seldom found a chair to sit down on within the limits of Jerusalem Chamber?

Altogether Dean Goulburn was not without justification in saying, "He was exceedingly narrow in his religious opinions. I do not think I ever came across a man so intellectually powerful, and so very highly cultivated, who was equally so." In illustration he tells a good anecdote. Sedgwick was invited to meet at the bishop's palace the "eastern bishops," that is, the bishops of the eastern counties who annually met for conference at each other's houses; but misunder-

standing the phrase he burst out: "Eastern bishops, sir! no! I wouldn't for the world break bread with such a pack of superstitious rascals!—quite as bad as the Catholics." This may be capped by another story. The dean had reinstated in the choir the ancient lectern, a fine eagle, and requested the canons to read the lessons from it; but Sedgwick, disliking the innovation, continued to read them from his stall. Whereupon being remonstrated with by one of his female admirers, who said she had quite looked forward to seeing him at the lectern, he exclaimed, "What? me, ma'am! me! expose myself before that bird! Nothing shall induce me!" At first even the ordinary cathedral ritual was extremely irksome to him, but happily the years were speedily passed when he could write of it, "These long services cut my time to shreds, and destroy the spirit of labor. We have the shadow of Catholicism without a grain of its substance, for not one of the chapter thinks himself better for these heartless formalities, or nearer heaven. A cold, empty cathedral, and a set of unwilling hirelings sing prayers for an hour together," and so on. The time came when he was quite a popular preacher during his term of residence, and thoroughly enjoyed his life. His genius for friendship found at Norwich its greatest scope, and as a member of Bishop Stanley's family said, "He threw a mantle of love over every one, and loved us and was beloved by all as no one in Norwich ever was, or ever will be again."

The whole story of Sedgwick's connection with Prince Albert, and his flattering experiences at court, is given in the biography chiefly by means of his own copious letters, and so told it admirably exhibits both the beautiful simplicity of his own character, and the warm regard which he won for himself in the highest place. When the chancellorship of the university unexpectedly became vacant in 1847 through the sudden death of the Duke of Northumberland, Sedgwick, then vice-master of Trinity, and acting for the college in the master's absence, promoted the prince's candidature, and after his election became his secretary at Cambridge. The new duties and responsibilities arising out of this office of course "put geology, viewed as the serious pursuit of his life, still further into the background;" but his chivalrous loyalty to the queen, and the delight of being useful to her husband, made him proud and happy in accepting it. In the brilliant installa-

tion festivities which followed he took a leading part, both as vice-master of the Royal College and one of the prince's suite; and when the queen told him of her gratification at the splendid reception which had been given to herself and her husband, he replied that "the value of our cheers was this, that they were given in all loyalty and with the whole heart." A visit to Osborne followed before the end of the year, the particulars of which, even down to the most minute, were related in a diary letter to his niece with all the relish and simplicity of a child. Several years later it was at the prince's express desire that he accepted a seat in the "Royal Commission to enquire into the Revenues of the University," offered him by Lord John Russell. Two reasons had strongly disinclined him to undertake this uncongenial office; one that he foresaw that "the commission will be abused in good set terms, and without any regard to truth, honor, or reason;" the other—a more curious one—that it was only by the tacit connivance of the Senate that he continued to hold the stall at Norwich with his professorship, and he feared that if he accepted the office of commissioner the Senate might turn against him, and some angry member would call on the vice-chancellor to do his duty by introducing a grace to compel him to fulfil the conditions of Dr. Woodward's will.

It may easily be imagined how deeply Sedgwick was affected by the death of the good prince. "I am very sorrowful," he writes, "and have often had my eyes filled with tears;" and when next month he received two large lithographic portraits of the queen and the prince, inscribed, "By command of her Majesty the queen. *In memoriam*, January, 1862," he says: "When I had gazed at those two portraits, side by side, for a few seconds, I sat down and wept like a child." More touching still was his last interview with the queen a few months afterwards, a summons having called him to Windsor for a private audience. "It does seem strange to me," he tells a friend, "when I think of it, but I believe I was the first person, out of her own family, to whom she fully opened her heart, and told of her sorrows. After the first greeting, when I bent one knee and kissed her hand, there was an end of all form, and the dear, sorrowing lady talked with me as if I had been her elder brother. 'He had the greatest regard for you,' she said, 'and this was why I had a strong desire to talk with you without reserve.' Don't accuse me of vanity, above an old



man's measure, for writing this. It was assuredly the most remarkable event of my summer's life." Writing a message of grateful thanks to the queen afterwards through one of her ladies, he says: "The remembrance of that audience, and the thoughts that spring out of it, are often present with me in the House of God, and still more are they with me when I bend my knees in private, and ask him to bless our sovereign." It is to the same occasion that the following little anecdote refers. On returning to Cambridge, Sedgwick was accosted by a lady: "You have been to court, professor, since I saw you last." "No, madam," he replied, "I have not been to court; I have been to see a Christian woman in her affliction."

We have left to the last a special notice of the most fascinating part of the volumes before us—the large collection of letters addressed by Sedgwick to his nieces and other young ladies with whom he had formed intimate and delightful friendships. For the mixture of lively narrative, wise counsel, and overflowing playfulness, we do not know any bundle of letters to surpass these. He did himself an injustice when he once wrote to one of his fair correspondents, "Ever since I was fifteen (for more than half a century) all young ladies have been to me a most amazing puzzle;" for he certainly knew the way to their hearts. Of what is best in woman, the conception which he loved to impress upon them may in these days of advanced ideas wear an old-fashioned look, but perhaps may be none the worse for that. "Simplicity, humility, and charity," he used to say, "are a woman's best graces." But "dragonesses of blues" were little to his taste. "I think I have heard it said," he remarks on one occasion, "that a good woman might have her stockings as blue as you like, only she ought to have petticoats long enough to cover them." He voted in the minority against the extension to girls of the local university examinations, thinking that "the plan will be a mere stepping-way to the puffing of second-rate forward chits and bloomers;" and it is on record that in hall, after the grace had been carried in their favor, when a brother fellow remarked: "I never could have believed that the university would have sunk so low as this," he replied: "No, indeed! nasty forward minxes, I call them!" A well-informed woman was the object of his admiration, and to his "dearest Isabella" and his "darling Fankin" he gave many instructions in the art of

mental cultivation; but, between what he wished them to become, and the woman that tries to ape the man, he drew a strong line of demarcation. When pouring out to Lyell his denunciations of his special *bête-noire*, the anonymous "Vestiges of Creation," which for a time he thought must be a woman's work, because of the "gracefulness of the externals" which covered "its inner deformity and foulness," he gives full expression to his view of woman's rightful sphere:—

She longed for the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and she must pluck it right or wrong. In all that belongs to tact and feeling I would trust her before a thousand breeches-wearing monkeys: but petticoats are not fitted for the steps of a ladder. And 'tis only by ladder-steps we are allowed to climb to the high platforms of natural truth. Hence most women have by nature a distaste for the dull realities of physical truth, and above all for the labor-pains by which they are produced. When they step beyond their own glorious province, where high sentiment, kind feeling, moral judgments most pure and true, and all the graces of imagination, flash from them like heaven's light, they mar their nature (of course there are some exceptions), and work mischief, or at best manufacture compounds of inconsistency. The mesmeric dreamer and economist in petticoats is, I think, no exception to this remark.

At the same time he welcomed the "petticoated bipeds" to his lectures, and the account he gives of them to one of his fair favorites is delicious:—

Do you know that the Cambridge daughters of Eve are like their mother, and love to pluck fruit from the tree of knowledge? They believe in their hearts that geologists have dealings with the spirits of the lower world; yet in spite of this they came, and resolved to learn from me a little of my black art. And, do you know, it is now no easy matter to find room for ladies, so monstrously do they puff themselves, out of all nature, in the mounting of their lower garments, so that they put my poor lecture-room quite in a *bustle*. Lest they should dazzle my young men, I placed them, with their backs to the light, on one side of my room. And what do you think was the consequence? All my regular academic class learnt to squint, long before my course was over. If you can't understand this, come and see for yourself; and I will promise you that when you set your foot in my lecture-room, and sit down with your back to the light, you will make them all squint ten times worse than ever.

The little gallant turn at the close of this extract was very characteristic of

Sedgwick. To another of his correspondents he writes: "Had I not been forty years too soon, I would have made love to you in such an ardent manner that you would surely have been melted, and I should have carried you in my arms to the altar-rails." But if not so ardent, the following specimen of excellent fooling in this strain is the prettier, and with it we must bring our extracts to a conclusion:—

I have found your lost glove and now return it. Call therefore all your lady friends together, and tell them to rejoice with you. But it was cruel of you to ask for it, as it was the only glove of the kind in my old College den; and indeed I had watched it and fostered it, with as much care as if it had been the big Punjab diamond. Now that you have it, pray take care of it. Gloves have done much mischief—sometimes they have been symbols of love—sometimes of deadly hate and furious fight—sometimes they may have symbolized both love and hate—for purring and scratching are often close together. But these are mysteries I have long outlived. All I have to say is—take care of your glove, and keep it safe till the day a priest orders you to pull off your glove, and give your bare hand to the happiest man in England. . . . Had I been forty years younger, I should have cried out with Komeo, "Oh that I were a glove!" or perhaps I might have come with your glove pinned to the left side of my waistcoat, and asked you to wear the man that bore it so near his heart.

Being such as this biography truly exhibits him, it is no wonder that Adam Sedgwick was the pride of his college, and the idol of his large circle of friends down to the end of his prolonged life. If it was not given him to lay posterity under a lasting obligation, by bequeathing to it some epoch-making work which should be a possession forever, the least that can be said is that in his own generation he filled his place nobly, and left many to mourn him whose lives had been brightened by his affectionate and playful solicitude, and their hearts strengthened in goodness by his wise lessons and fair example. Well would it be for the world if there were many more of whom it could be as truly recorded, as it is of him in the cathedral which knew him so well, that in him met together an imperial love of truth, an illustrious simplicity of character, and an unshaken constancy in the faith.

From The Sunday Magazine.

# THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "ALEX FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### ONCE MORE AND YET AGAIN.

FROM that hour I set myself to look after my uncle's affairs. It was the only way to endure his absence. Working for him, thinking what he would like, trying to carry it out, referring every perplexity to him and imagining his answer, he grew so much dearer to me, that his absence was filled with hope. My heart being in it, I had soon learned enough of the management to perceive where, in more than one quarter, improvement, generally in the way of saving, was possible; I do not mean by any lowering of wages; my uncle would have conned me small thanks for such improvement as that! Neither was it long before I began to delight in the feeling that I was in partnership with the powers of life; that I had to do with the operation and government and preservation of things created; that I was doing a work to which I was set by the Highest; that I was at least a floor-sweeper in the house of God, a servant for the good of his world. Existence had grown fuller and richer; I had come, like a toad out of a rock, into a larger, therefore truer universe; I had something to do in the world. How otherwise should I have patiently waited while hearing nothing from my uncle!

It was not long before John began to press me to let my uncle have his way; where was the good any longer, he said, in our not being married! But I could not endure the thought of being married without my uncle; it would hardly seem like marriage without his giving me to my husband. And when John came to see that I was not to be prevailed with, I found that he thought the more of me both because of my resolve, and because of my persistency in holding by it. For John was always reasonable, and that is more than can be said of most men, especially such as have a woman to deal with. If women should at last—not that it would please me one tiniest atom—have to take the management of affairs—it will be because men have made it necessary by carelessness and arrogance combined. Then when they have been kept down a while, just long enough to learn that they

are not the lords of creation one bit more than the weakest woman, they may perhaps be allowed to take the lead again, lest the women should become like what the men were, and go strutting about full of their own importance. It is only the true man that knows what the true woman is — only the true woman that knows what the true man is; the difficulty between them comes all from the fact that so few are either.

John lived in his own house with his mother, but they never met. She managed John's affairs, to whose advantage I need hardly say; and John helped me to manage my uncle's, to the advantage of all concerned. Every day he came to see me, and every night rode back to his worse than dreary home. At my earnest request he had had a strong bolt put on his bedroom door, which he promised me never to forget to shoot. He let it be known about the house that he had always a brace of loaded pistols within his reach, and showed himself well practised in the use of them.

After I no longer only believed, but knew that the bailiff was trustworthy, and had got some few points in his management bettered, I ceased giving so much attention to detail, and allowed myself a little more time to go about with John, to whom I owed every consolation I could give him, seeing he had none at home. It was a little wearing to him too that he could never tell what his mother might not be plotting against him. He had had a very strong box made for Leander, in which he always locked him up when he went home at night, and which he locked also when he brought him to our place in the morning where he had all the grooming and tendance his master could wish. John could not forget what had befallen Leander once before; and I could not forget the great black horse down in the bog! I feared much for John. I knew that where a woman would, she could more than a man.

One lovely, cold day in the month of March, with ice on some of the pools of the heath, and the wind blowing from the north, I mounted Zoe to meet John midway on the moor, and had gone about two-thirds of the distance, when I saw him, as I thought, a good way to my right, and concluded he had not expected me so soon, and had gone exploring. I turned aside therefore to join him; but had ridden only a few yards when, from some change in his position, I saw that the horse was not John's; it was a grey, or rather, a white

horse. Could the rider — I was too far off to note anything of him — be my uncle? Was he still and always lingering about the place, to be near lest ill should befall me? It would be like him, said my heart. I gave Zoe the rein, and she sprang off at her best speed. But apparently the horseman had caught sight of my approach, and was not willing to await my coming; for, after riding some distance, I became suddenly aware that he had vanished; and I saw then that, if I did not turn at once, I should not keep my appointment with John.

The incident would not have been worth mentioning, for grey horses are not so uncommon but there might be one upon the heath at any moment; and although it was natural enough that the sight of one should make me think of my uncle, I should not long have thought of the occurrence, but for something more that I saw the same night.

It was one of bright moonlight. I had taken down a curtain of my window to mend, and the moon shone in so that I could not sleep. My thoughts were all with my uncle — wondering what he was about; whether he was very dull; whether he wanted me much; whether he was going about Paris, or haunting the moor that stretched far out into the distance from where I lay — out in that moonlight, perhaps, in the cold, wide, lonely night while I slept! The thought made me feel lonely; one is apt to feel lonely when sleepless; and as the moon was having a night of it, or rather making a day of it, all alone with herself, I thought we might keep each other a little company. I rose, drew the other curtain of my window aside, and looked out.

I have said that the house lay on the slope of one side of a hollow, so that, from whichever window of it you might glance, you saw the line of your private horizon close to you; for any outlook, you must climb, and then you were on the moor.

From my window I could see the more distant edge of the hollow; happening to look thitherward, I saw against the sky the shape of a man on horseback. I could not for a moment doubt it was my uncle. The figure was plainly his. My heart seemed to stand still with awe, and the delight of having him so near me, perhaps every night — a heavenly sentinel patrolling the house while I slept — the visible one of a whole camp unseen, of horses of fire and chariots of fire. So entrancing was the notion, that I stood there a little child, a mere incarnate love, the tears run-

ning down my cheeks at the thought of the man who had been very father to me instead of my own.

When first I saw him he was standing still, but presently he moved on, keeping so to the horizon line that it was plain his object was to have the house in view. But as thus he skirted the edge of heaven, he seemed, oh, how changed! His tall figure hung bent over the pommel, and his neck drooped heavily. And his horse was so thin that I seemed to see, almost to feel his bones. He looked very tired, and I thought I saw his knees quiver as he made each short, slow step. Ah, how unlike the happy old horse that had been! I thought of Death returning home weary from the slaughter of many kings, and cast the thought away. I thought of Death returning home on the eve of the great dawn, weary with his age-long work, pleased that at last it was over, and no more need of him; I kept that thought. Along the skyline they held their way, the rider with weary swing in the saddle, the horse with long grey neck hanging low to his hoofs, picking his way. When his rider should collapse and fall from his back, not a step farther would he take. Then fancy gave way to reality. I woke up, called myself hard names, and hurried on a few of my clothes. My blessed uncle out in the night and weary to death, and I at a window, contemplating him like a picture! I was an evil brute!

By the time I had my shoes on, and went again to the window, he had passed out of its range. I ran to one on the stair that looked at right angles to mine. He had not yet come within its field of vision. I stood and waited. Presently he appeared, crawling along, a grey mounted ghost, in the light that so strangely befits lovers wandering in the May of hope, and the wasted spectre whose imagination of the past reveals him to the eyes of men. For an instant I almost wished him dead and at rest; the next I was out of the house, up on the moor, looking eagerly this way and that, poised on the swift feet of love, ready to spring to his bosom. How I longed to lead him to his own warm bed, and watch by him as he slept, while the great father kept universal watch, out on the moor in the moonlight, and within every house and its darkness. I gazed and gazed, but nowhere could I see the death-jaded horseman.

I bounded down the hill, through the wilderness and the dark alleys, and hurried to the stable. Trembling with haste I led Zoe out, sprang on her bare back, and

darted off to scout the moor. Not a man or a horse or a live thing was to be seen in any direction! Almost I concluded I had beheld an apparition. Might it not be that my uncle was dead, come back thus to let me know, and now was gone home indeed? Weary and cold and disappointed, I returned to bed, full of the conviction that I had seen my uncle, but whether in the body or out of the body, I could not tell.

When John came the notion of my being out alone on the moor in the middle of the night did not please him, and he would have had me promise that I would not, for any vision or apparition whatever, leave the house again without his company. But he could not persuade me. He asked what I would have done, if I had overtaken the horseman, and found neither my uncle nor Death. I told him I would have given Zoe the use of her heels, when *that* horse at least would soon have seen the last of her. At the same time, John was inclined to believe with me, that I had seen my uncle. His proximity would account, he said, for his making no arrangement to hear from me. But if he continued to haunt the moor in such fashion, we could not fail to encounter him before long. In the mean time he thought it well to show no sign of suspecting his neighborhood.

That I had seen my uncle John was for a moment convinced, when, the very next day, having gone to Wittenage, he saw his horse carrying Dr. Southwell, my uncle's friend. But then Death looked quite spry, and in lovely condition. The doctor would not confess to knowing anything about my uncle, and expressed his wonder that he had not yet returned, but said he did not mind how long he had the loan of such a horse.

Things went on as before for a while.

Then John began again to press me to marry him. I think it was mainly, I am sure it was in part, that I might never again ride the midnight moor "like a witch out on her own mischievous hook;" I use John's phrase in regard to what he seemed to count quite an escapade; he knew that, if I caught sight of my uncle anywhere, John or no John, I would go after him.

But there was of course another good reason for not marrying before John was of legal age; who could tell what truth might not lurk in his mother's threat! Who could tell what such a woman might not have prevailed on her husband to set down in his will? I was ready enough to



marry a poor man, but I was not ready to let my lover run the risk of becoming a poor man by marrying me a few months or even years sooner. Were we not happy enough in all conscience, seeing each other every day, and mostly all day long? No doubt people talked, but why not let them talk! The mind of the many is not the mind of God. John confessed that society itself was the merest oyster of a divinity. He argued, however, that most likely my uncle was keeping close until he saw us married. I answered that he would be as unwilling to expose us to the revenge of our mother through him, after we were married as before; anyhow I would not consent to be happier than we were, without my uncle to share in the happiness.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## MY UNCLE COMES HOME.

TIME went on, and it was now the depth of a cold, miserable winter. I remember the day so well! It was a black day. There was such a thickness of snow in the air that what light got through looked astray as if lost in a London fog; it was not like an honest darkness of the atmosphere, bred in its own bounds. But while the light lasted, the snow did not fall. I went about the house doing what had to be done, and what I could find to do—wondering that John did not come.

His horse had again fallen lame—this time through an accident which made it necessary to stay with the poor animal long after his usual time for starting to come to me. When he did start, it was on foot, with the short winter afternoon closing in. But John knew the moor by this time as well as I did, and that is saying a good deal. It was quite dark when he drew near the house, which he generally entered through the wilderness and the garden. The snow had begun at last, and was coming down in deliberate earnest. It would lie feet deep over the moor before the morning. He was just thinking what a dreary tramp home it would be by the road, for the wind was threatening to wake, and in a snow-wind the moor was a place to be avoided—when he struck his foot against something soft in the path his own feet had worn to the wilderness, and fell over it. A groan followed. John rose with the miserable feeling of having hurt some creature. Dropping again on his knees to discover what it was, he found a man almost covered with snow, and nearly insensible. He swept the snow off him, contrived to get him on his back,

and brought him round to the door, for the fence would have been awkward to cross with him. It was rather difficult indeed to carry him to the door, not because of his weight, but because of his length, and the roughness of the ground. Just as I began to be really uneasy at his prolonged absence, there he was, with a man on his back, apparently lifeless!

I did not stop to stare or question, but made haste to help him. His burden was slipping sideways from his back, so we lowered it on a hall chair, and then carried the man in between us, I holding his legs. The moment a ray of light fell upon his face, I saw it was my uncle.

I just saved myself from a scream. My heart stopped, then bumped as if it would break through. I turned sick and then cold. John laid his part of the burden on the sofa, but I held on to the legs half unconsciously. In a moment, however, I came to myself, and could help Martha. She said never a word, but was all there, looking in the face of her cousin with dog-like devotion, but never stopping an instant to gaze. We got him some brandy first, then some hot milk, and then some soup. He refused nothing we offered him. We did not ask him a single question, but the moment he revived, carried him up and laid him in bed. Once he cast his eyes about, and gave a sigh, as if of relief to find himself in his own room, then went off into a light doze, which, broken with starts and half-wakings, lasted until next day about noon. Either John or Martha or I was by his bedside all the time, so that he should not wake without seeing one of us by him.

But the sad thing was, that, when he did wake, he did not seem to come to himself. He uttered not a word, but just lay and looked out of his eyes, if, indeed it was more than his eyes themselves that looked, if indeed *he* looked out of them at all!

"He has overdone his strength," we said to each other. "He has not been taking care of himself! And then to lie perhaps hours in the snow! It's a wonder he's alive!"

"He's nothing but skin and bone," said Martha. "It will take weeks to get him up again! And just look at his clothes! How ever did he come nigh such! They're fit only for a beggar! They must have knocked him down and stripped him! Look at his boots!" she said, and stroked them with her hands. "He'll never recover it!"

"He will," I said. "Here are three of

us to take care of him! He'll soon be himself again now that we have him!"

But my heart was like to break at sight of him.

"He would get well much quicker," said John, "if only we could tell him we were married."

"It will do just as well to invite him to the wedding," I answered. "I will not have it until he is able to give me to you, John."

"You are right," said John. "And we won't ask him anything, or even refer to anything, till he seems to want to hear about things."

Days went and came, and still he did not appear to know quite where he was; or, if he knew, he seemed so content with knowing it, that he did not want to know anything more in heaven or earth. We grew very anxious about him. He did not heed a word his old friend Dr. Southwell said. His mind seemed utterly exhausted. The doctor justified John's more mature resolve, saying he must not be troubled with questions, or the least attempt to rouse his memory. He must be left to himself like a baby.

John was now almost constantly with us. One day I asked him whether his mother took any notice of his being now so seldom at home at night. He answered she did not; and but for knowing her ways, he would imagine she knew nothing at all about him; he hardly doubted, however, that she made sure every day of where he was.

"What does she do all day long?" I asked.

"Goes over her books, I imagine," he answered. "She knows the hour is at hand when she must give account of her stewardship, and she is getting ready to meet it. That is what I suppose, at least; but she gives me no trouble now, and I have no wish to trouble her."

"Have you no hope of ever being on filial terms with her again?" I said.

"There are few things more unlikely," he replied.

I was a little troubled, notwithstanding my knowledge of her, and the way in which I felt toward her, that he should regard a total alienation from his mother with such indifference. I could not, however, balance the account between them. If much was owing to her merely because she was his mother, how much was she not in debt to her child, who had done him the terrible wrong of not being lovable? In my heart I blessed the heavenly Father, that he was just what he was.

But oh, what a damping oppression it was that my uncle had returned so different! We were glad to have him, but how gladly would we not have let him go again to be restored to himself, even should we never more rest our eyes upon him in this world! Dearly as I loved John, it seemed to me nothing could make me happy while my uncle remained as he was. It was as the gripe of a cold hand on my heart to see him such impassable miles from me. I could not get near him. It was like what it would be to lose God out of my world. I went about all day with a sense—not merely of loss, but of a loss that gnawed at me with a sickening pain. He never said *little one* to me now! he never looked in my eyes as if he loved me! He was very gentle, never complained, but lay there with a dead question in his eyes. We all feared his mind was utterly gone.

By degrees his health returned, but neither his memory, nor his interest in life, seemed to come back. Yet he had ever a far-away look in his eyes, and would start and turn at every opening of the door. He took to wandering about the yard and the stable, and the cow-house; would look for an hour at some one animal in its stall; would watch the men thrashing the corn, or twisting straw ropes; but he never cared to ride. When Dr. Southwell sent home his horse, it was in great hope that the sight of Death would wake him up; that he would recognize his old companion, jump on his back, and be well again; but my uncle only looked at him with some faint admiration, went round him and examined him as if he were a horse he thought of buying, then turned away, and took no more notice of him. Death was troubled at his treatment of him. He showed him all the old attention, used every equine blandishment he knew, but meeting with no response, turned slowly away, and walked to his stable. Dr. Southwell would gladly have bought him, but neither John nor I would hear of parting with him; he was almost a portion of his master. Then my uncle might come to himself any moment, and how could we look him in the face, if Death was gone from us! Besides, we loved the horse for his own sake as well as my uncle's, and John would be but too glad to ride him.

My uncle would wander over the house, up and down, but seemed to prefer the little drawing-room to any other; I made it my special business to keep a good fire there. He never went up to the study; never opened the door in the chimney-



corner. He seldom spoke, and seldomer to me than to any other. It *was* a dreary time! Our very souls had longed for him back, and this is how he came!

Sorely I wept over the change that had passed upon the good man. He must have received some terrible shock! It was just as if his mother, John said, had got hold of him, and put a knife in his heart! It was well, however, that he was not wandering about the heath, exposed to the elements! and there was yet time for many a good thing to come. Where one must wait, one can wait.

This John had to learn, for, say what he would, the idea of marrying while my uncle was in such a plight, was to me unendurable.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## TWICE TWO IS ONE.

THE spring came, but brought little change in the condition of my uncle. In the month of May Dr. Southwell advised our taking him abroad. When we mentioned it to him, he passed his hand wearily over his forehead as if he felt something wrong there, and made no reply. We went on with our preparations, and when the day arrived he made no objection to going.

We were an odd party: John and I, bachelor and spinster; my uncle, a silent, moody man, who did whatever we asked him; and the still, open-eyed Martha Moon, who, I sometimes think, understood more about it all than any of us. I could talk a little French, and John a good deal of German; and when we got to Paris, we found my uncle considerably at home there. When he cared to speak, he spoke like a native, and was never at a loss for word or phrase.

It was he, indeed, who took us to a quiet little hotel he knew; and when we were comfortably settled in it, he began to take the lead in all our plans. By degrees he assumed the care and guidance of the whole party; and so well did he carry out what he had silently, perhaps almost unconsciously undertaken, that we conceived the greatest hopes of the result to himself. A mind might lie quiescent so long as it was ministered to, and hedged from cares and duties, and wake up when something was required of it. No one would have thought anything amiss with my uncle, that heard him giving his orders for the day, or acting cicerone to the little company—there for his sake, though he did not know it. How often John and I

looked at each other, and how glad were our hearts! My uncle was fast coming to himself. It was like watching the dead grow alive.

One day he proposed to hire a carriage and a good pair of horses, and drive to Versailles to see the palace. We agreed, and all went well. I had not, in my wildest dreams, imagined a place so grand and beautiful. We wandered about it for hours, and were just tired enough to begin thinking with pleasure of the start homeward, when we found ourselves in a very long, straight corridor. I was walking alone, a little ahead of the rest; my uncle was coming along next, but a good way behind me; a few paces behind my uncle, came John with Martha, to whom he was more scrupulously attentive than to myself.

In front of me was a door, dividing the corridor in two, apparently filled with plain plate-glass, to break the draught without obscuring the effect of the great length of the corridor, which stretched away as far on the other side as we had come on this. I paused and stood aside, leaning against the wall to wait for my uncle, and gazing listlessly out of a window opposite me. But as my uncle came nearer to open the door for us, I happened to cast my eyes again upon it, and saw my uncle coming in the opposite direction, when I concluded of course that I had made a mistake about the door, taking it for a clear plate of glass instead of a mirror, reflecting the corridor behind me. I looked back at my uncle with a little anxiety. My reader may remember that, when he came to fetch me from Rising he started, encountering a mirror at unawares, and nearly fell; from this occurrence and from the absence of mirrors about the house, I had imagined in his life some painful story connected with a mirror.

Once again I saw him start, and then stand like stone. Almost immediately a marvellous light overspread his countenance, and with a cry he bounded forward. I looked again at the mirror, and there I saw the self-same light-irradiated countenance coming straight, as was natural, to meet that of which it was the reflection. Then all at once the solid foundations of fact melted into vaporous dream, for I saw the two figures come together, the one in the mirror, the other in the world, and just as I thought my uncle of the world would shatter the mirror, I saw the two fall into each other's arms. I heard also two voices weeping and sobbing, as the substance and the shadow embraced.

Two men had for a moment been deceived like myself; neither glass nor mirror was there — only the frame from which a swing-door had been removed for repair. The two walked right into the arms each of the other, whom he had at first taken for himself.

They paused in their weeping, held each other at arm's length, and gazed as in mute appeal for yet better assurance; then smiled like two suns from opposing rain clouds, fell again each on the other's neck, and wept anew. Neither had killed the other. Neither had lost the other. The world had been a graveyard, and was a paradise!

We stood aside in reverence. Martha Moon's eyes glowed, but she manifested no surprise. John and I gazed in utter bewilderment. The two embraced each other, kissed and hugged and patted each other, wept and murmured and laughed, then all at once, with one great sigh between them, grew aware of witnesses. Had they not been too happy to blush, they could not have blushed, so red were they with the fire of heaven's own delight. Utterly unembarrassed they turned towards us — wherewith came a fresh astonishment, an old joy out of the treasure of the divine householder: the uncle of the mirror came straight to me, cried, "Ah, little one!" took me in his arms, and embraced me with all the old tenderness, and a joy such as I had never before beheld upon human countenance. Then I knew that my own old uncle was all right, the same as ever I had known him since I used to go to sleep in his arms.

The jubilation that followed, it is impossible for me to describe; and my husband, who approves of all I have yet written, begs me not to attempt an adumbration of it.

"It would be a pity," he says, "to end a race with a tumble down at the winning-post."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### HALF ONE IS ONE.

I AM going to give you the whole story, but not this moment; I want to talk a little first. I need not say that I had twin uncles. They were but one man to the world; to themselves only were they a veritable two. The word *twin* means one of two that once were one. To *twin* means to *divide*, they tell me. The opposite action is, of twain to make one. To me also, I believe, but for the closeness of

the relation in which I had all my life stood to my Uncle Edward, they would have been but as one man. I hardly know that I felt any richer at first for having two of them; it was long before I should have felt much poorer for the loss of Uncle Edmund. Uncle Edward was to me the substance of which Uncle Edmund was but the shadow. But at length I too learned to love him dearly by beholding how dearly my own uncle loved him. I loved the one because he was what he was, the other because he was not that one. Love commonly differentiates that it may unite; in the case of my uncles it seemed only to divide that it might unite. I am hardly intelligible to myself, and am getting into a bog of ill-defined metaphysics, out of which it is time I scrambled. What I would say is this: that what made the world not care there should be two of them, made the earth a heaven to those two. By their not being one, they were able to love, and so were one. Like twin planets they revolved around each other, and in a common orbit around God their sun. It was a beautiful thing to see how Uncle Edmund revived and expanded, until he became in the light of his brother's presence, as much himself as he had ever been. He had suffered more than my own uncle, and had not had an orphan child to love and be loved by.

What a drive home that was! Paris, anywhere seemed home now! I had John and my uncles; John had me and my uncle; my uncles had each other; and I suspect, if we could have looked into Martha, we should have seen that she, through her lovely unselfishness, possessed us all more than any one of us another. Oh, the outbursts of gladness on the way! — the talks! — the silences! The past fell off like an ugly veil from the true face of things; the present was sunshine; the future a rosy cloud.

When we reached our hotel, it was dinner time, and John ordered a bottle of champagne. He and I were hungry as two happy children, but the uncles ate little, and scarcely drank. They were too happy in each other to be aware of any animal need. A strange solemnity crowned and dominated their gladness. Each was to the other a Lazarus given back from the grave. But to understand the depth of their rapture, you must know their story. That of Martha and Mary could not have equalled it but for the presence of the master, for neither of those had done the other wrong. They looked to me like men walking in a lumi-

nous mist — a mist of unspeakable suffering, radiant with a joy as unspeakable — the very stuff to fashion into glorious dreams.

When we drew round the fire, for the evenings were chilly, they laid their whole history open to us. What a story it was! and what a telling of it! My own uncle, Edward, was the principal narrator, but he was occasionally helped out by my newer uncle, Edmund. I had the narrative in writing at home, and when we returned I read it — not with the same absorption as if it had come first, but with as much interest, and certainly with the more thorough comprehension that I had listened to it before. That same written story I will presently give, with such elucidation as I may be able to add from the narrative of my Uncle Edward, and the supplement of my Uncle Edmund.

As the story proceeded, overcome with the horror of the revelation I foresaw, I forgot myself and cried out, —

"And that woman is John's mother!"

"Whose mother?" asked Uncle Edmund, with scornful curiosity.

"John Day's," I answered.

"Are you sure of it?" he asked again.

"I have always been given so to understand," replied John for me; "but I am by no means sure of it. I have doubted it a thousand times."

"No wonder. To believe you her son, would be to doubt you."

"Of course it would," responded John.

"I might be true, though, even if I were her son!"

"Ed," said Edmund to Edward, "let us lay our heads together!"

"Ready, Ed," said Edward to Edmund; and therewith they began comparing memories and recollections, — to find, however, that they had by no means data enough.

"It would be just like one of her devil-tricks," remarked Uncle Edmund.

"I beg your pardon, John," said Uncle Edward, as if it were he that had used the phrase.

Uncle Edmund said nothing, only nodded to John, who also held his peace. His eyes looked wild with hope. He felt like one who, having been taught that he is a child of the devil, begins to know that God is his father — the one discovery worth making by son of man.

"When will you start, Ed?"

"To-morrow, Ed."

"This business of John's, must come first, Ed!"

"It shall, Ed."

"You know where you were born, John?"

"On my father's estate of Rubworth in Gloucestershire, I *believe*," answered John.

"You must be prepared for the worst, you know."

"I am prepared. As Orba told me once, God is my father, whoever my mother may be!"

"That's right. Hold by that," said my uncles, as with one breath.

"Do you know the year you were born?" asked Uncle Edmund.

"My *mother* says in 1820."

"You have not seen the entry?"

"No. One does not naturally doubt such statements."

"Assuredly not — until —"

He paused.

How Uncle Edmund had regained his wits! And how young the brothers looked!

"You mean," said John, "until he has known my mother!"

Then there was silence. Presently a few more questions were asked, and it came out that the possible reason why John had learned nothing of consequence to him when he went to London, was, that he had gone to Lady Cairnedge's lawyer. He had never had anything to do with business before, and had learned no caution except with his mother. Of a peculiarly open and trusting, because trustworthy nature, all the power of distrust that lay in him had been spent on his mother.

Now for the story of my twin uncles, mainly as written by my uncle Edward.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE STORY OF MY TWIN UNCLES.

"MY brother and I were marvellously like. Very few of our friends, none of them with certainty, could name either of us apart — or even together. It might be said with truth, that only two persons knew absolutely which either of us was, and those two were ourselves. Each of us even has occasionally made the blunder of calling the other by the name that was not his but that of the one who spoke. Our indistinguishableness was the source of ever recurring mistakes, of constant amusement, of frequent bewilderment, and sometimes of annoyance in the family. I once heard my father say to a friend, that God had never made two things altogether alike, except his twins. We two enjoyed the fun of it so much, that we did our best

to increase the confusions resulting from our resemblance. We did not lie, but we dodged and pretended, questioned and looked mysterious, till I verily believe the person concerned, having in himself so vague an idea of our individuality, not unfrequently forgot which he had blamed, or which he had wanted, and became hopelessly muddled.

"A man might well have started the question what good could lie in the existence of a duality in which the appearance was, if not exactly, yet so nearly identical, that no one but my brother or myself could have pointed out definite differences; but if no one else saw the good of a duality in which each was the other's double, the doubt was confined to outsiders; my brother and I raised no such question, the fact being to us a never ceasing cause of delight. Each seemed to the other expressly created so, in order that he might love him as a special, individual property of his own. It was as if the image of Narcissus had risen bodily out of the watery mirror. It was as if we had been made two, that each might love himself, and yet not be selfish.

"We were almost always together, but sometimes we got into individual scrapes, when—which will appear to some incredible—we always accepted punishment without question or distinction as to which was the culprit. If the wrong one was accused he never thought of denial; it was all one which was the culprit, and which should be the sufferer. Nor did this indistinction work badly; that the other was just as likely as not to suffer for the wrong done, wrought as a deterrent. It may have had its origin in the instinctive perception of the impossibility of proof; the common world is incapable of believing in the truthfulness of a boy, and denial would have been no shield from the vengeance of one who thought he had captured the culprit; it was so easy, he would have said, to lay it on his brother! Besides, had we been capable of throwing any blame the one on the other, loving that other as each did, I do not see but we must have been capable of lying also. The delight of existence lay embodied and objective to each in the existence of the other.

"At school we learned the same things, and it was not until long after, that any differences in taste began to develop themselves.

"Our brother, elder by five years, who would succeed to the property, had the education my father thought would best fit him for the management of land. We

twins were trained for the professions of lawyer and doctor. I was to be the doctor.

"We went to college together, and shared the same rooms.

"Having finished our separate courses, my father sent us to a German university; he would not have us insular!

"We did not work hard, nor was hard work required of us. We went out a good deal in the evenings; the students at home in the town were mostly hospitable. It may be we owed a little popularity to our singular resemblance, which we found was regarded as a serious disadvantage. The reason of this we never could see, flattering ourselves indeed that it gave us double the base and double the strength.

"We had our friends all in common. Every friend to one of us was a friend to both. If one met man or woman he was pleased with, he never rested until the other knew, that he might be pleased with him or her. Our delight in our friends must have been greater than that of other men, because of the constant sharing.

"Our all but identity of form, our inseparability and unanimity were often, although we did not know it, a subject of talk in the social gatherings of the place. It was more than once or twice openly mooted—what, in the course of life, was likeliest to strain the bond that united us. Not a few agreed that a terrible catastrophe might almost be expected from what they considered such an unnatural relation.

"You will naturally foresee from what the first difference would arise—that it would be rooted in our very likeness! You will see also why it was so difficult, indeed impossible for me not to have a secret from my little one.

"Among the persons we met in the home circles of our fellow-students, appeared by and by an English lady—a young widow, they said, though there was little in her dress or her carriage to suggest widowhood. We met her again and again. Each thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, but neither was greatly interested in her at first. Nor do I believe either would, from himself, ever have been. Our likings and dislikings always hitherto had gone together, and, left to themselves, would have done so always, I believe; whereby we should also have found when necessary a common strength of abnegation. In the present case they were not left to themselves; the lady gave the initiative, and the dividing regard was born in the one before it was born in the other.

"Within the last few years I have had a visit from an old companion of the period. I dare say you will remember the German gentleman who amused you with the funny way in which he pronounced certain words—one of the truest-hearted and truest-tongued men I have ever met; he gave me much unexpected insight into the evil affair. He had learned certain things from his sister, which, old as the story by that time was, formed the principal reason of his coming to England to find me.

"One evening, when a number of the ladies we were in the habit of meeting, happened to be together without any gentleman present, the talk turned, half in a philosophical, half in a gossipy spirit, upon the consequences that might follow, should two men, bound in such strange fashion as my brother and I, fall in love with the same woman—a thing not merely possible, but to be expected. The talk, my friend said, was full of a certain speculative sort of metaphysics which, in the present state of human development, is far from healthy, both because of our incompleteness, and because we are too near to what we seem to know, to judge it aright. Just one lady was present—a lady by us more admired and trusted than any of the rest—who declared her conviction that love to no woman would ever separate us, provided the one fell in love first, and the other knew the fact before he saw the lady. For, she said, no jealousy would then be roused; and the relation of the brother to his brother and sister would be so close as to satisfy his heart. In a few days probably he too would fall in love, and his lady in like manner be received by his brother, to form a square impregnable to attack. The theory was a good one, and worthy of realization. But, alas, the prince of the power of the air was already present in force, hid in the person of the English widow. Young in years, but old in pride and self-confidence, she smiled at the notion of our advocate. She said that the idea of any friendship between men being of such an exalted sort was nonsense; that she knew more about men than some present could be expected to know, and their friendship was but a matter of custom and use; the moment an atom of self came into play, it would burst; it was but a bubble-company. As for love proper—she meant the love between man and woman—its law was the opposite to that of friendship; its birth and continuance depend on the parties *not* being used to each other!

"Upon this followed much confused

talk, during which the English lady declared nothing easier than to prove friendship, or the love of brothers, the sort of thing she had said. As for the law of love proper, she said, the proof of that lay in the power, if not in the possession of every one present.

"Most of the company believed the young widow but talking to show off her experience; not a few felt that they desired no nearer acquaintance with one whose words, whatever might be her thoughts, degraded humanity. The circle was broken into two segments, one that liked the English lady, and one that did not.

"From that moment, the English widow set before her the devil-victory of alienating two hearts that loved each other—and she gained it for a time, though Death has proved stronger than the Devil. People said we could not be parted; *she* would part us! She began with my brother. To tell how I know that she began with him, I should have to tell how she began with me, and that I cannot do; for, little one, I dare not let the tale of the treacheries of a bad woman toward an unsuspecting youth, enter your ears. Suffice it to say such a woman has studied those parts of a man's nature into which, being less divine, the devil in her can easier find a way. There, she knows him better than he knows himself; and she makes use of her knowledge of him, not to elevate, but to degrade him. She fills him with herself, and her animal influences. She gets into his self-consciousness beside himself, by means of his self-love. Through the funnel of his self-greed, she pours in flattery, hints of admiration of himself, by depreciation of others. Not such a woman only, but almost any silly woman, may speedily make the most ordinary, and hitherto modest youth, imagine himself the peak of creation, the triumph of the Deity. No man alive is beyond the danger of imagining himself exceptional among men; if such as think so were what they think, truly the world were ill-worth God's making! He is the wisest who has learned to 'be naught a while.' This man, silly soul, becomes so full of his tempter, and of himself in and through her, that he loses interest in all else, cares for nobody but her, prizes nothing but her regard, looks forward to nothing but again her presence, and further favors. God is nowhere; fellow-man in the way like a buzzing fly—else no more to be regarded than a speck of dust that is not upon his person or his garment. And this terrible disintegration of life rises out of the most wonderful,



mysterious, and profound relation in humanity. Its roots go down into the very deeps of God, and out of its foliage creeps the old serpent, and the worm that never dies! Out of it steams the horror of desolation, wrapt in whose living death a man cries out that God himself can do nothing for him. That is what comes of making the loveliest of gifts into a God, and worshipping the creature instead of the creator. Oh, my child, it is a terrible thing to be! But for God the saviour, man would stand face to face with a torturing enigma, hopeless of solution.

"The woman sought and found the enemy in my house of life. To that she gave herself, as if she gave herself all to me. Oh, how she made me love her!—if that be love which is a deification of self, the foul worship of one's own paltry being!—and that at a moment when self seems swallowed up and lost! No, it is not love! Does love make ashamed? The memories of it may be full of pain, but does the soul turn from it with sick contempt? That which at length is loathed, can never have been loved.

"Of my brother she would speak as of a poor creature not for a moment to be compared with myself. How she could thus fool me, knowing that in the mirror I could not have told myself from my brother, knowing also that our minds, tastes, and faculties bore as strong a resemblance as our bodies, I cannot tell, but thus fooled I was. At other times, when she wished to tighten the bonds of my thralldom, she would rouse my jealousy by some word indicating strong admiration of him. She must have acted the same way, I think, with my brother. I saw perfectly that he was enslaved just as I was; I knew we must be faring alike—knew the very thoughts as well as feelings in his heart, and instead of being consumed with sorrow for him, chuckled to think that I was the favored one. I suspect now that she showed him more favor than myself, and taught him to put on the look of the hopeless one. I fancied I caught at times a covert flash in his eye; he knew what he knew.

"Shall I ever get her kisses off my lips, her poison out of my brain! From my heart her image was burned in a moment, as utterly as if by years of hell!

"The estrangement between my brother and myself was sudden; there were degrees only in the widening of it. First came embarrassment at meeting. Then all commerce of thoughts and confidences ceased. There was no more merrymaking

jugglery with identity; each was himself only, and for himself alone. We avoided each other more and more. When we met, we made haste to part. Heaven was gone from home. Each felt the same way toward the other, but it was for separation and not unity. When we passed in the street, it was with a look that meant, 'You are my brother. I don't want to think about you!' We ceased even to nod to each other. Each took a room in another part of the town, under the same pseudonym. Our common lodging was deserted, then formally given up by each. Still what one did, that did the other. One of us might for months have played the part of both without detection—especially if it had been understood that we had quarrelled; but I think it was never suspected that we had parted company, although now we were rarely seen together, and never seen to speak.

"A few weeks sufficed to bring us to the verge of madness, but to this day I doubt if the woman, our common disease, knew the one of us from the other. That in any part of her being there was ever the least approach to a womanly interest in either of us, I do not believe. I hardly think she could have felt anything for one of us without feeling the same for both; I do not see how, with all she knew of us, we could have made two impressions upon her moral sensorium; and I am very sure she never cared for me.

"It was at length the height of summer, and every one sought change of scene and air. It was time for us to go home; but I wrote, and doubtless Edmund did also, and got longer leave. I had not parted with all my honesty, but left my father's answer with our old landlady, requesting that, if my brother called, she would hand it to him."

At this point of the story, when my Uncle Edward was that evening telling it, my Uncle Edmund interrupted him:—

"I knew you would," he said. "I went to get it, and have it now."

"Hardly had a day passed from his answering my letter, when my father died. But we were already on our way, by different routes, to the mountain village whither the lady had preceded us; and having, in our infatuation, left no address, my brother never saw that letter, I not for months.

"A few weeks more, and our elder brother, who had always been delicate, followed our father, and this also remained for a time unknown to me. My mother had died many years before; we had



scarce a relation in the world; Martha Moon is the nearest relative you and I have. Besides her and you there were of the family but myself and your Uncle Edmund—both absorbed in the same worthless woman.

"At the village there were two hostleries. I thought my brother would go to the better; he thought I would go to the better; so we met at the worse! I remember a sort of grin on his face when first we saw each other, and have no doubt the same grin was on mine; that was the extent of our intercourse. But we always did the same thing, just as of old. The next morning we set out, I need hardly say each by himself, to find the lady.

"She had rented a small villa on the banks of a swift mountain stream, and there, for a week or so we went every day, often encountering. The efforts we made to avoid each other being similar and simultaneous, they oftener resulted in our meeting. When one did nothing, the other generally did nothing also, and when one schemed, the other also schemed, and similarly. Thus what had been one great pleasure of our peculiar relation, our mental resemblance, became a large factor in our mutual hate. For with self-loathing shame, and a misery that makes me curse the day I was born, I confess that for a time I hated the brother of my heart; and I have but too good ground for believing that my brother hated me."

"I did! I did!" cried Uncle Edmund, when my own uncle, in his verbal narrative, mentioned the fact; whereupon Uncle Edward turned to me, saying,—

"Is it not terrible, my little one, that out of a passion called by the same name with that which you and John Day feel for each other, should arise the hellish smoke of such a hate? God must understand it! that is a comfort; in vain I seek to sound it. Hence, amid the highest of such hopes as the woman was able to rouse in me, I dwelt in the very steam of the pit, haunted with a prospect of the time when I should hate the woman that enslaved me, more than ever I had loved her. The greater sinner I am that I yet yielded her dominion over me. I was the willing slave of an evil woman who loved nothing but the consciousness of power; and to the indulgence of that vilest of passions, would sacrifice the lives, the loves, the very souls of men. She lived to separate those whom Jesus died to make one! How weak and unworthy was I to fall into her power! How wicked and vile not to tear myself loose! The woman

the Pharisee scorns is pure beside such a woman!"

But I return to his manuscript.

"The lady must have had plenty of money, and she loved company and show; I cannot but think, therefore, that she had her design in choosing such a solitary place, whose loveliness might subserve her intent of enthralling thoroughly heart and soul and brain of the fools she had in her toils. I doubt, however, if they were alive to any beauty but hers, if they were not dead to the wavings of God's garment about them. Was I even aware of the presence of those peaks that dwelt alone with their whiteness in the desert of the sky—awfully alone—of the world, but not with the world? I think we saw nothing save with our bodily eyes, and hardly anything with them; for we were filled with such blind and oblivious passion as was fitter to wander the halls of Eblis, than the palaces of God.

"The lady's abode stood in a little valley high in the mountains. Its surface was gently undulating, with here and there the rocks breaking through its rich, flowering meadows. Down the middle ran the deep, swift stream, swift with the weight of its fulness. Its channel was not more than seven or eight feet across, but a great body of water ran down it. About a quarter of a mile from the chalet, was the first of a series of falls of moderate height and slope, after which the stream divided itself into a number of channels, mostly shallow, in a wide, pebbly torrent-bed. These, a little lower down, reunited into a narrower and yet swifter stream—a small, fierce river, which presently shot, at one reckless bound, into a valley a thousand feet below, shattered into spray as it fell.

"The chalet stood alone. There was a small village at no great distance, but not a house of it was visible, or any other house from one of its windows. It had no garden of any kind. The meadow, one blaze of color, softened by the green of the grass, came up to its walls, and stretched from them down to the rocky bank of the river, in parts to the very water's edge. The house stood like a rock in a green sea. It was quite small, and the meadow was the drawing-room where she received us.

"One lovely evening, I strolled out of my hostelry, and went walking, almost unconsciously, up the road that led to the village of Auerbach, so named from the stream and the meadow I have described. The moon rose, and promised the loveliest night. I was in no haste, for the lady had, in our common hearing, said she was

going to pass that night with a friend, in a town some ten miles away. I dawdled along therefore, thinking only to greet the place, and stroll about the meadow, sacred with the shadow of her demonian presence. Free of the restless hope of seeing her, I found myself taking some little pleasure in the things around me, and spent two hours on the way, with the sound of rushing water in my ears all the time.

"It had not crossed my mind to wonder where my brother might be. Each of us banished the thought of the other as often as it intruded. As we could not help meeting often, we had almost given up avoiding each other; but when we met, our desire was to part. I do not know that, while apart, we ever felt actual hate to each other; but the least show of preference on the part of the lady was sufficient to rouse that worst of demons in my bosom.

"The road led through the village. It was asleep—I remember seeing light in just one of the houses. The moonlight seemed to have drowned all the lights of the world. I came to the stream, rushing cold from its far-off glacier-mother. I crossed it, and went down the bank opposite the chalet; I had taken a fancy to see it from that side. Gleaming under the moon, the river rushed joyous to its frightful fall. A short distance away, it was even now falling—falling from off the face of the world—falling from my feet into the void—falling, falling unupheld, down, down through the moonlight to the fearful valley!

"The chalet seemed deserted. With the same woefully desolate look, it constantly comes back in my dreams. I went farther down. The full-rushing stream went with me like a dog. It made no murmur, only a low gurgle as it shot along. It seemed to draw me with it down to its last leap. As I looked at it I thought how hard it would be to get out of. Thus it comes to me yet in my dreams.

"I came to a familiar block of stone that lay on the edge of the little river. Passing behind it, I was in view of the place where the lady chose oftenest to sit. Two were on the grass together, one a lady seated, the other a man with his head on the lady's lap. I gave a leap as if a bullet had gone through my heart, then instinctively drew back behind the rock. In its shadow I began to take courage. She had said she was going away for the night; it could not be she! I peeped. The man had raised his head, and was

leaning on his elbow. It was Edmund. She stooped and kissed him. I scrambled to the top of the rock, and sprang across the stream. Would to God I had missed the bank, and been swept to the great fall! The rock rose some six or seven feet above the meadow; I was careless; and when I lighted, I fell. Her clear, mocking laugh rang through the air, and echoed from some still mountain. When I rose they were on their feet.

"Quite a chamois-spring!" said the lady with derision.

"She saw the last moment was come. Neither of us two spoke.

"I told you," she resumed, "you were not to trouble me to-night; you have paid no regard to my wishes! It is time this foolery should end! A woman cannot marry a double man—or half a man without knowing which is which of the halves!"

"She ended with a toneless laugh; and my brother joined in it, as if he knew that her words were not meant for him. She turned upon him with a mockery which in a moment convinced him that of him only had she been making game. I never doubted myself the only dupe. For one thing, she had never received me in the guise in which I now saw her. The night was warm, and her deshabelle was a somewhat prodigal unmasking of her beauty to the moon. The sight of her might have driven an unfavored lover to madness. The conviction in each of us was, that she and the other were laughing at him.

"In a moment we were locked in a deadly struggle, with what object I cannot tell, nor do I believe either of us had an object. It was a blind conflict of pointless enmity, in which each sought to overpower the other. Which first laid hold of the other, which, if either, began to drag, I have not a suspicion. The next thing I know is, that we were in the water each in the other's grasp, swept and tumbled along as in a flooded mill-race.

"The shock of the ice-cold water, and the sense of our danger brought me to myself. I let my brother go, but he clutched me still, and down we shot together toward the sheer descent to the valley below. Already we seemed falling, and the terror of it overmastered me. It was not the crash I feared, but the stayless rush through the whistling air. In the agony of my despair I struck at Edmund a fierce, wild, all but aimless blow. It was the only blow struck in the wrestle. His hold relaxed. I remember nothing more."

At this point of the verbal narrative, my Uncle Edmund again spoke.

"You never struck me, brother Ed," he cried; "or if you did, I was already senseless. I remember nothing while we were in the water."

"When I came to myself," the manuscript goes on, "I was lying in a pebbly shoal. The moon was aloft in heaven. I was cold to the heart, cold to the marrow of my bones. I could move neither hand nor foot, and thought I was dead. By degrees a little power came back, and I managed, after much agonizing effort, to get at last on my feet — only to fall again. By means of several such failures, however, I found myself capable at length of just dragging myself along. I had forgotten everything; but when my eyes fell on the darting torrent, I remembered all — not as a fact, but as a terrible dream from which I thanked heaven I had come awake."

"But as I crawled along, and came slowly to myself, a terrible doubt awoke. If it was a dream, where had I dreamt it? How had I come to wake there where I found myself? How came it that I was drenched? Where was I last in my remembrance? Where was my brother? Where was the lady in the moonlight? There had been no dream! If my brother had not got out of the water, I was his murderer! I had struck him! Oh, the horror of it!"

Again Uncle Edmund interposed — not altogether logically.

"I tell you, I don't believe you struck me, Ed! And you must remember neither of us would have got out if you hadn't!"

"You might have let me go!"

"On the way down the waterfall, perhaps," rejoined Uncle Edmund. "I believe it was that blow brought me to my senses, and made me get out!"

"Thank you, Ed," said Uncle Edward.

Once more I write from the manuscript.

"I said to myself he must have got out! It could not be that I had drowned my own brother! Such a ghastly thing could not have been permitted! It was too terrible to be possible!"

"But how had we been living the last few months? Had we been loving one another? Had I been a neighbor to my nearest? Had I been a brother to my twin? Was not murder the natural outcome of it all? He that loveth not his brother is a murderer! What if it was not worth while to save me from being a murderer out and out? I had cast off my brother for a treacherous woman! My very thoughts were sick within me."

"Then my soul seemed to grow lumi-

nous, and understand everything. I saw my whole behavior as it was. The scales fell from my inward eyes, and there came a sudden, total, and absolute revulsion in my conscious self — like what takes place, I presume, at the day of judgment, when the God in every man sits in judgment upon the man. Had the gate of heaven then stood wide open, neither angel with flaming sword, nor St. Peter with the keys to dispute my entrance, I would have turned away from it, and sought the deepest hell. I loathed the woman even to sickness; in my heart the sealed fountain of old affection had broken out, and flooded it with an ocean."

"All the time this thinking went on, I was crawling slowly up the endless river toward the chalet, driven by a hope inconsistent with what I knew of my brother. What I felt, he, if he were alive, must be feeling also; how then could I say to myself that I should find him with her? 'She will be warming him in her bosom!' I said: 'good God! how shall I compass his deliverance? Better he lay at the bottom of the fall, if only not by me, than that he should be devoured by that serpent of hell!' I would go straight into the den of the monster, and demand my brother!"

But to see the eyes of Uncle Edmund at this point of the story!

"At last I approached the house. All was still. A handkerchief lay on the grass, white in the moonlight. I went up to it, hoping to find it my brother's. It was a lady's. I let it lie. What had the passion been worth that could in a moment die so utterly?"

"I turned toward the house. I would tear him from her; he was mine, not hers."

"My wits were nigh gone; as I drew nearer, I thought the moonlight was dissolving the chalet, that the two within might escape me. I held it fast with my eyes. The moon drew back, and seemed only to possess and fill it. Then I saw that she shone reflected from the windows and would not go in. I would go in. I would treat the woman like a thief! She *was* a thief! she was that moment stealing, in the broken house of life."

"I stood for a moment looking up at her window. In the house was neither motion nor sound. Was she gone away, and my brother with her? My thoughts were all confused. She could not be in bed and asleep when she had seen us carried down the river to the fall! Could he be with her and at rest, believing me

drowned or dashed to pieces? I must be resolved. I sought the door; it was not bolted; I stole up the stair to her chamber. Softly I entered, and stood, with the door open behind me. The moon filled the room with a clear, sharp-edged, pale-yellow light. In her bed she lay asleep, lovely to look at as an angel of God. Her hair, part of it thrown out across the head of the bed, streamed on each side over the pillow, and in the midst of it lay her face, an island of light in a dark sea. I stood and gazed. Fascinated by her beauty? God forbid. I was fascinated by the awful incongruity between that face, pure as the moonlight, and the charnel-house that lay unseen within. She was to me henceforth not a woman, but a live death. I had no sense of sacredness in the chamber of such a female monster. I stood and gazed.

"My presence was more potent than I knew. She opened her eyes — opened them straight into mine, and lay as motionless as I stood. I moved not an inch, spoke not a word, drew not a step nearer, retreated not a hair's-breadth. Motion was taken from me. Was it hate that fixed my eyes on hers, and turned my limbs into marble? It certainly was not love, but neither was it hate.

"Agony had been burrowing in me like a mole; the half of what I felt I have not told you. I had found no brother, but the woman who had caused his death, in a sleep sweet as that of innocence; these things, with my long insensibility and the cold of my wet garments, had taken from me either the power of motion or of volition, I do not know which; I stood speechless in the moonlight, and, with my hair clinging wet about my head and face, must have looked both ghostly and ghastly.

"Two or three moments she gazed with horror-struck eyes; then a frightful shriek broke from the deathlike lips of the staring woman. She who could sleep after turning love into hate, and life into death, would have fled into the arms of Death, to escape the eyes of the dead. Insensibility is not courage. Wake in the scornfullest of mortals the conviction that one of the disembodied stands before him, and he will shiver like an aspen leaf. Scream followed scream. Volition or strength, whichever it was that had gone, returned. I backed silently from the room, then turned and fled, as if she had been the ghost, and I the mortal. Would I had been the spectre for which she took me!" Here Uncle Edward again spoke.

"Small wonder she screamed, the

wretched woman," he said; "that was the second dose of the horrible she had. If you found the door unbolted, it was because I had forced it. I was there before you. You have been telling all I thought and felt. I too entered her room, and saw her asleep as you describe. I went close to her bedside. I cried out in an agony, 'Where is my brother?' She woke, and fainted dead away, and I went away in despair."

"Then," said I, "when she came to herself, she must have thought she had had a bad dream, re-arranged her hair, and gone to sleep again before Uncle Edward arrived."

"Just so, little one," said Uncle Edward.

"What to do I did not know," the manuscript continues. "I had not yet begun to think what I should do when I found myself at our little inn. No idea of danger awoke in my mind. And indeed had the thought come, there would have been little cause to heed it. No one there knew the one from the other of us. Not many would know there were two of us. Any one who saw me twice, might well think he had seen us both. If my brother's body were found in the valley stream, it was not likely to be recognized or indeed recognizable; and the only one who could tell what had happened at the top of the fall, would not volunteer information. But although I knew myself my brother's murderer, neither fear nor counteracting consideration occurred to me. I made it no secret that my brother had gone over the fall. I went to the foot of the cataract, thence to search and inquire in all directions, but no one had heard of any body being found. I continued in the neighborhood long after all dreary hope of its recovery had ceased. They told me that, if the poor gentleman went over in the night, he would before morning be far on his way to the Danube.

"Giving up the quest in despair, my first thought was to leave behind me every association with the woman who had made me my brother's murderer. I did so, but not the less lived thenceforward in a torture which has hitherto expended itself no more than the consuming fire of God.

"I dared not carry home the terrible news myself, because that must either involve me in lying, or elicit such confession as would multiply tenfold my father's anguish. But while in utter perplexity what to do, it occurred to me to go to the lodging where last we had been together, and see if there might be any letters there

for either of us. Then first I learned that both my father and my elder brother, your father, little one, were dead.

"Everything at home now depended on me, and my sense of guilt had not destroyed in me the sense of duty. I did not care what became of the property, but I did care for my brother's child, and the interests of her succession.

"Our elder brother had all his life been delicate, had suffered not a little, and had mellowed and expanded every way.

"When his wife, your mother, died about a year after their marriage, leaving us you, it was plain to see that, while he loved you dearly, and was more friendly to all about him than ever before, his heart had given up the world. I shed more tears over his departure than over that of my twin; the worm that never dies made my brain too hot to weep much for him. Then first I saw that my elder brother had been a brother indeed; and that we twins had never been real to each other. I saw what nothing but self-loathing would ever have brought me to see, that my love to my brother had not been profound; that neither of us was himself profound, therefore his love could not be. I saw that we had both loved our elder brother in a truer and better fashion than we had loved each other. One of the chief bonds between us twins had been fun; another, habit; and another, constitutional resemblance — not one of them strong. Underneath were stronger far, but they had never come into conscious play; no strain had reached them. For wherever there is any flower of love, it is there in virtue of the divine and perfect root of love whence it springs, and the root must one day blossom into the perfect rose of love. My main consolation under the burden of my guilt is, that I love my brother since I killed him, far more than I loved him when we were all to each other. Had we never quarrelled, and were he alive, I should not be loving him as now.

"That we shall meet again, and live in the devotion of deepest love, I feel in the very heart of my soul. That it is my miserable need that has wrought in me this confidence, is no argument against the confidence. As misery alone sees miracles, so is there many a truth into which misery alone can enter. My little one, do not pity your uncle much; I have learned to lift up my heart to God. I look to him who is the saviour of men to deliver me from blood-guiltiness — to lead me into my brother's pardon, and enable

me somehow to make up to him for the wrong I did him.

"Some would think it my duty to give myself up to justice. But I felt that I owed my brother reparation, and not my country retribution. It could not be required of me to pretermit the duty the more strongly demanded because of my crime. Had I not to use my best endeavor to turn aside its evil consequences from others? Were it even for the cleansing of my vile soul, was I to leave the child of my brother alone with a property exposing her to all the snares of prowling selfishness? Must I take so-called justice on myself at her expense — to the darkening of her life? Were I accused, I would tell the truth; but I would not volunteer a phantasmal atonement. Let what punishment God pleased come upon me; as far as lay in me, I would live for my brother's child. And I have lived for her.

"But I am, and have been, and shall, I trust throughout my earthly time, and what time thereafter may be needful, ever and always be in purgatory. I should tremble at the thought of coming out of it a moment before it had done its part.

"One day after my return, as I unpacked a portmanteau, my fingers slipped into the pocket of a waistcoat, and came upon something which, when I brought it to the light, I saw was a ruby of some size. A pang went to my heart. I looked at the waistcoat, and found it was the one I had worn that terrible night. The ruby was the stone of the ring Edmund always wore. Somehow it had got displaced in the struggle. Every now and then I am drawn to look at it. At first I saw in it only the blood; now I see the light also. For the moon of hope rises higher as the sun of life approaches the horizon.

"Some remarked that we were not so much of companions as formerly; some knew that one of us had not returned; some perhaps concluded that we had found each other's society not indispensable.

"It served me well also, I imagine, that, in the humor of our extreme resemblance, my father should have named us so nearly alike, and that each of us had made a point of signing himself Ed. Whichcote.

"By degrees people ceased, I cannot tell how, to ask we after my twin. I dare say those who remember I had a twin, conclude him dead. I might have told them that he fell into a mountain-stream, and was carried to a fall of tremendous depth, and that I had in vain sought his body at the foot of the cataract; but naturally I shrank from talk about him, and I



was never driven to any. One of much resembling twins, must, I fancy, to most people seem enough of the sort. We could not, besides, have been much loved, if at all. Our resemblance was a bore, which the teasing use we made of it aggravated. The fact that there was no longer a pair of us, therefore, was not regarded as cause for regret; and things quietly settled down to be as you so long knew them. If there be one with a suspicion of the terrible fact in my life, it is cousin Martha.

"You will not now be greatly surprised that you should never before have heard of your Uncle Edmund.

"I pray you, my child, do not imagine I go unpunished. To know what I know is the greatest punishment I can have; the necessity that you should know it, is the next greatest. I dare not ask you not to love me less; for perhaps you ought to do so. If you should, I have my consolation in the fact that my little one cannot make me love her less."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### UNCLE EDMUND'S APPENDIX.

WHEN my Uncle Edward had told his story corresponding, in a more conversational form, to that I have now transcribed, my Uncle Edmund took up his part of the tale from the moment when he came to himself after their fearful rush down the river, with the abyss yawning to receive them. It was to this effect:—

When he came to himself, he lay on the very verge of the hideous void. How it was that he got thus far and no farther, he never could think. He was out of the central channel, and the water that ran all about him and poured immediately over the edge of the precipice, could not have sufficed to roll him so far. Finding himself on his back, and trying to turn on his side in order to rise, his elbow found no support, and lifting his head a little, he looked down at once into a moonlit vacancy, from which thin silvery mists were steaming up. One turn, and he would have been on his way, plumb-down to the valley below—say, rather, on his way off the face of the world into the vast that bosoms the stars and the systems and the cloudy worlds. His very soul seemed to quiver with terror. The pang of it was so keen that it saved him from a swoon, in which he might yet have dropped from the edge of the world. Not daring to rise, and unable to roll himself up the slight slope, he shifted himself slowly backward

along the ground for a few yards, then rose, and ran staggering away as from a monster that might pursue and overtake him. He doubted if he would ever have recovered the shock of the sudden discovery of his awful position, and of his one glance into the ghastly depth, but for the worse horror of the all-but-conviction that his brother had gone down to Hades through that terrible trap-door. If only he too had gone, he cried in his misery, they would now be together, with no wicked woman to come between their hearts! For his love, too, was changed into loathing. He, too, was at once, and entirely, and forever freed from her fascination. The very thought of her was hateful to him.

With straight course, but wavering walk, he went through the moonlight to the house of the serpent to demand his brother. He saw the handkerchief, took it up, dropped it with disgust, and went on to the house.

What followed in the lady's chamber, I have already given in his own words.

When he fled from the chalet, it was with self-slaughter in his heart. But he endured in the strength of the thought that the door of death was always open, that he might enter when he would. He sought the foot of the fall the same night, but the body was not there. As one possessed of demons to the tombs, he fled to the solitary places of the dark mountains.

He went through many a sore stress. Ignorant of the death of his father and his elder brother, the dread misery of encountering them with his brother's blood on his soul barred his way home. He could not bear the thought of reading in their eyes his own horror of himself. His money was soon spent, and for many months he had to endure severe hardships of simple, wholesome human sort—cold and hunger and dirt. He thought afterward that, if he had had no trouble of that order his brain would presently have yielded. He would have surrendered himself but for the uselessness of it, and the misery and public stare it would bring upon his family.

At length he had brain-fever, and but partially recovering his senses after it, was taken to an asylum. During his gradual recovery he dreamed every night of his home, came awake with the joy of the dream, and could sleep no more for longing—not to go home—that he dared not think of, but to look upon the place if only once again. The longing grew till it was intolerable. By his talk he mani-



fested it so in his sleep, that the good people of the neighborhood learning his condition, gave and gathered money to send him home.

But when he found himself in England, he dared not go near the place of his birth. He remained therefore in London, and made the barest livelihood by copying legal documents. In this way he spent a miserable year or two, and then suddenly set out to walk to the house of his fathers. He had but five shillings in his possession when the impulse came suddenly upon him.

He reached the moor, and had fallen exhausted, when a gypsy, a tramp of the better sort, with a divine spot awake in his heart, found him, gave him some gin, and took him to a hut he had in the wildest part of the heath. He lay helpless for a week, and then began to recover. When he was sufficiently restored, he helped his host to weave the baskets which, as soon as he had enough to make a load, he took about the country in a cart. Uncle Edmund staid at home and made more, becoming so clever at the work as quite to earn his food and shelter. The old horse when not wanted to draw a load, managed to live, or rather not to die, on the moor, and all things considered, had no very hard life of it. On the back of this grey horse, Uncle Edmund would not unfrequently go, wandering in the twilight as far as his old home, not being able to walk so far. He would go round and round the house while we slept, like a ghost dreaming of ancient days.

"But," I said, as I listened to his narrative, "the horseman I saw that night in the storm could not have been you, uncle; for it was a great, fine horse, rearing like that one with Peter the Great on his back, in the corner of the map of Russia!"

"Were you out that terrible night?" he returned. "The lightning was enough to frighten even an older horse than my friend the gypsy's. I wonder how he is getting on! He must think me very ungrateful to disappear as I did. But I dare say he imagines me lying fathom-deep in the bog. You *will* do something for him, won't you, Ed?"

"You shall do for him yourself what you please, Ed," answered my own uncle, "and I will help you."

"But, Uncle Edmund," I said, "if it was you, the place you were in was a very boggy place! It was nearly a lake then!"

"I thought I should never get out!" he answered; "and but for the poor horse and his owner, I should not have minded."

"How *did* you get out, uncle?" I asked. "Lady Cairnedge lost a splendid black horse not far from there. I heard him going down in the darkness. It makes me shudder every time I think of it."

"I suppose my grey was such a skeleton that the bog couldn't hold him. I left it all to him, and he got himself and me too out of it, though how I cannot tell. It was too dark, as you know, to see anything between the flashes."

He went back to London after that, and had come and gone once or twice, he said. He had often wandered at night about the house, but had never gone near it in the day. He had learned that his father was dead, but took the Mr. Whichcote he heard mentioned, for his elder brother, David, my father.

I asked of him the story of his appearing that afternoon when Lady Cairnedge had set her servants to carry John away; for of course I knew now that our champion must have been Uncle Edmund. He answered he had that very morning made up his mind to present himself at the house, and had walked there for the purpose, resolved to tell his brother all. He got in by the end of the garden, as John was in the way of doing, and had reached the little grove of firs by the house, when he saw a carriage at the door, and drew back. Hearing then the noises of attack and defence, he came to the window and looked in, heard Lady Cairnedge's shriek, saw her on the floor, and saw the men attempting to force an entrance at the other side of the window. Hardly knowing what he did, he rushed at them and beat them off, but suddenly turning faint, retired into the grove and lay there helpless for a time. He recovered only in time to hear the carriage drive away, leaving quiet behind it.

To see that woman in the house of his fathers, was a terrible shock to him. Could it be that David had married her? He stole from his covert, and crawled across the moor to the gypsy's hut. There he was consoled by learning that the mistress at the house was a young girl, whom he rightly concluded to be the daughter of his brother David.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

WE returned to England the next day. All the journey my two uncles were continually reverting to the matter of John's parentage; the more they saw of him, the less could they believe Lady Cairnedge

his mother. When we reached London, my Uncle Edmund, who, having been bred a lawyer, knew how to act, went at once to examine the will left by John's father. That done, he set out for the place where John was born. The rest of us went home.

The second day after our arrival there, Uncle Edmund came. He had found perfect proof, not only that Lady Cairnedge was John's stepmother, but that she had no authority over him or his property whatever.

A long discussion took place in my uncles' study, for I have to shift the apostrophe of possession, as to whether John ought to compel restitution of what she had wrongfully spent or appropriated. She had been left an income by each of her husbands, upon either of which incomes she might have lived at ease, but they had a strong suspicion, soon entirely justified, that she had been spending John's money and saving her own. They found afterwards that she had even been saving largely for herself out of the money allowed for John's maintenance. But in their discussion John held to it that, as she had once been the wife of his father, he would spare her restitution, provided they found she had nowise impoverished either of the estates. He would insist only upon her immediate departure.

"Yes, little one," said my uncle, one summer evening, as he and I talked together, seated alone in the wilderness, "what we call misfortune is, in view of our deliverances, always the only good fortune. Few will say *yes* to the statement, but Truth is independent even of her supporters, being justified by her children.

"Until *misfortune* found us, my brother and I had indeed loved one another, but with a love so poor that a wicked woman was able to send it to sleep. To what she might have brought us, had she had full scope, God only knows; *now* all the women in hell could not separate us!"

"And all the women in paradise would but bring you closer," I ventured to add.

The day after our marriage, which took place within a month of our return from Paris, John went to Rising on a visit to Lady Cairnedge of anything but ceremony, taking myself and his uncles with him.

"Will you tell her ladyship," he said, "that Mr. Day desires to see her?"

The man would have shut the door in our faces, with the words, "I will see if my lady is at home;" but John was prepared for him. He put his foot in the corner between the threshold and the jamb, and his two hands against the door, driv-

ing it to the wall with the man behind it, where he held him till we were all in. Then he closed the door and said, in a tone I had never heard him use before,—

"Let Lady Cairnedge know at once that Mr. Day desires to see her."

The man went. We walked into the white drawing-room, the same where I sat so long alone among the mirrors the morning after I was lost on the moor. How well I remembered it!

There we waited. The gentlemen stood, but John insisted on my sitting down. My eyes fixed themselves on the door by which we had entered. But by and by a slight noise in another part of the room, caused me to turn my eyes. There stood Lady Cairnedge in a riding-habit, with a whip in her hand, staring, pale as death, at my uncles. With a scornful laugh she turned and went through a door which stood open immediately behind her. It closed instantly, and became part of the wainscot, hardly distinguishable. John darted to it. It was bolted on the outside. He sought another door, and ran hither and thither through the house to find her. My uncles ran after him, a little uneasy lest something should befall him. I remained where I was, far enough from comfortable. Two or three minutes had passed thus, when I heard the thunder of hoofs, and running to the window, saw her tearing across the park at full gallop, on just such another huge black horse as she had smothered in the bog. I was the only one that saw her, and no one of us ever saw her again.

When we went over the house, we found that a sudden retreat had been prepared for; she had not left an easily portable article of value in it. John's great-aunt, who left him the property, had died in the house, possessed of a large number of jewels, many of them of great value both in themselves and because of their antiquity; not one of them was ever found.

A report reached us, long after, that Lady Cairnedge was found dead in her bed in a hotel in the Tyrol.

My uncles lived for many years on the old farm. Uncle Edmund bought a grey horse, as like Uncle Edward's as he could find, only younger. I often wondered what Death must think—to know he had his master on his back, and yet see him ride by his side. Every day one or the other, most days both, would ride across the moor to see us. Martha walks in at the door at least once every week.

The boyish tricks of the twins were long past, but they took no pains, for they had

no desire, to be distinguished the one from the other. Each was always ready to meet the obligations of the other. If one made an appointment, few indeed could tell which it was, and nobody which would keep it. No one could tell, except, perhaps, one who had been present, which of them had signed any document; I do not believe they themselves after a time always knew. Each indifferently was ready to honor the signature, *Ed. Whichcote*.

They died within a month of each other, and their bodies were laid side by side. On their tombstone is the inscription:—

HERE LIE THE DISUSED GARMENTS OF  
EDWARD AND EDMUND WHICHCOTE,  
BORN FEB. 29, 1804;  
DIED JUNE 30, AND  
JULY 28, 1864.

THEY ARE NOT HERE; THEY ARE RISEN.

John and I are waiting.

BELORBA DAY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR HERBERT EDWARDES AT PESHAWUR.

OF all the brilliant acts of his vigorous and eventful vicerealty there was probably not one to which Lord Dalhousie looked back with greater pride and satisfaction than his subjugation of the Sikh kingdom of the Punjab. He had found it a foreign country upon our frontier; he had left it an integral part of our empire in India. A country whose people, under the successor of Runjeet Singh, had been torn by internecine strife, given over to the license of a military caste, and virulent in smothered execration of the Feringhees, had, in a few years, under his protection become one of the most peaceable, best ordered, and most docile provinces of the British crown. To accomplish this the governor-general had brought to bear upon the situation all that keenness of purpose and indomitable energy for which he was so remarkable; and he had never wearied of making the Punjab system at once the model and the envy of every external residency. The new province, indeed, was the very apple of his eye, and nothing was too good for it. He had garrisoned it with his choicest troops, ruled it through his ablest lieutenants, given it, in short, so many advantages, that it was whispered, if he had succeeded so well in the Punjab, it had been at the expense of the rest of India. His eagle eye had swept over the whole peninsula, and wherever a promis-

ing civilian or a likely soldier had been visible, he had been caught up and cast into the administrative crucible between the Indus and the Sutlej rivers.

In the palace at Lahore reigned Sir Henry Lawrence, "the foremost man in India," and his brother, afterwards so famous as John Lawrence of the Punjab, and to these two men of Derry there had been joined a third, Robert Montgomery, who having played with them as a boy on the shores of the Foyle, had now come to work with them as a man upon the banks of the Ravi. Hardly less remarkable were their assistants. Frederick Mackeson ruled at Peshawur; beyond the snow-crowns on its horizon Herbert Edwardes was busy in the valley of the four hundred forts; the name of Lumsden was fast becoming a word to conjure with amidst the Eusufzais; while, up amongst the mountain crags of the Hazra, the relentless Nicholson was struggling to flog out of the *fakeers* their too unbounded admiration for him, which had assumed the unpalatable form of the apotheosis and worship of Nikkal-Seyn. These were but a tithe; Becher and Abbott, Lake and Taylor, Vans Agnew and Cocks, and many others, were all playing their parts. There, too, Neville Chamberlain was disciplining his famous horse; the pitiless Hodson grinding his terrible sword; Daly teaching his guides how to march and fight; and last, but not least, Robert Napier building his magnificent roads.

Of all these assistant commissionerships, the most important was that of Peshawur, a valley extending along the banks of the Cabul River at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, inhabited by some of the wildest and most warlike of the tribes of central Asia. "Peshawur," wrote John Lawrence, "is unlike any other place except perhaps Bunnoo. In these two districts all the people have been robbers and murderers from their cradles." Years previously Runjeet Singh had wrenched it from the grasp of the Cabul ameer. But the Afghans had never reconciled themselves to its loss, and still from the mountains overhead eyed it with longing glances. The man at that moment seated on the Cabul throne was Dost Mahommed, that very Dost whom the insane policy of Lord Auckland had first driven into exile at the bayonet-point, and then perforce permitted to reconquer his inheritance. No one knew better than he the exact strength and weakness of the British power. If he could remember the victorious march of the avenging legions of Nott

and Pollock, he could remember no less distinctly, the despairing plunge of Elphinstone's column into the snows of the Sulimani. John Lawrence, who on the removal of his great brother to Rajpootana, had succeeded to unhampered control of the Punjab, was well aware of this, and being aware of it was conscious that the Afghan armies hung in the passes of the Sulimani, ready at the first sign of weakness on our part, to drop down into the valley and recover their own again. He therefore felt that it was vital that we should be represented at Peshawur by an officer upon whose judgment and discretion we could rely, and who, above all things, should possess the gift of managing the intractable, fanatical, and warlike trans-Indus tribes.

Now it so chanced that Colonel Frederick Mackeson, the first commissioner of Peshawur, for all his indisputable talents, was in John Lawrence's opinion by no means the right man in the right place. Able soldier and politician Lawrence allowed him to be; but he held that he was no administrator, and so lacked the one great essential for his office—the power of inspiring confidence in those over whom he ruled. When, therefore, in September, 1853, the news flashed down to Lahore that the knife of an Afghan cobbler had let the life-blood out of poor Mackeson, John Lawrence, while deeply regretting the cause, seized the opportunity of impressing upon Lord Dalhousie the necessity of this time appointing the right man, and of insisting that in his opinion there was no doubt at all that that man was Herbert Edwardes. "After thinking well over the subject," he wrote, "and comparing in my mind his qualities with those possessed by others, I have no hesitation in saying that I would much prefer to have him there." Lord Dalhousie proved, however, to have a candidate of his own, no less a man than the bayard of India, James Outram himself. This was by no means to Lawrence's liking. Outram, he insisted, grand, noble fellow though he was, was not the man for Peshawur. Probably he was right, and as no man in India had more influence than he over the masterful spirit of the governor-general he won the day. Edwardes received the appointment. "In the whole range of Indian charges," wrote Lord Dalhousie to him, "I know none which at the present time is more arduous than the commissionership of Peshawur. Holding it you hold the outpost of our Indian Empire. Your past career and

your personal qualities and abilities give me the assurance that, in selecting you, I have chosen well for its command. God speed you in it for your own sake, and for the sake of the empire." Two years later, on laying down the great office he had so ably filled, the dying man took leave of Edwardes with these words: "I thank you most heartily and most warmly for the very able and successful and willing services by which you have aided me in the administration of this great land. The prescience of John Lawrence had been magnificently demonstrated.

Late in 1855 Major Edwardes took up his residence in Peshawur. He found himself in one of the most fanatical Mahomedan cities of upper India, in the midst of a people who regarded deceit as the first of virtues, and who in his own expressive words, "wear arms as we wear clothes, and use them as we use knives and forks." While across the border, ever ready to spring, crouched the Afghan tiger, which we had roused without taming and wounded without disabling. To an officer of thirty-four summers such a charge was, indeed, a heavy one; but there was in Herbert Edwardes an aptitude for dealing with such elements that amounted to absolute genius. As with all great rulers, the roots of his success were grounded in truth and sympathy. By the one he insured respect, by the other he won confidence. Men, who had never known justice other than they could win by their own right arms, learned under his influence to lay aside the sword and trust to the judge; others, who had practised fraud because they found it answered best, woke up suddenly to the fact that under their new condition honesty was the best policy; while by a ready sympathy with all their nobler qualities, their valor, their patriotism, their independence, he strove to foster all that was chivalrous in their natures at the expense of all that was mean.

The very first act of his reign was typical of the man. A system of espionage had grown up under his predecessor. It was at once abolished. Relationships founded upon mutual distrust could not, he felt, be anything but rotten at the core. He therefore assembled in *durbar* the representatives of all the neighboring tribes, and placed the situation frankly before them. Let them be loyal and honest in their dealings with him, and in return he would open to them all the advantages of civilization; but let them deviate from that path, and the arm of the



great white power should be raised to strike them to the dust. Not that Edwardes had any intention of plunging into that most hopeless of all warfares, a border struggle on the mountains. Because a shot was fired or a camel stolen, he was not going to waste his men's lives among the boulders of the Afridi Hills. It was his policy to make the crime carry its own punishment. Thus, when a tribesman of the Sheranees snapped a pistol point-blank at an English native envoy journeying through the Khyber to Cabul, and his friends refused to hand him over to justice, instead of sending a regiment to waste itself in the mountain in a futile effort to secure the offender, Edwardes adopted the simple expedient of barring out the whole tribe from the Peshawur markets. And thus, by compelling them to trade through the medium of their neighbors, a process in which they were certain to be well swindled, he quickly reduced them to sending an old Grey-beard to sue for peace. "How many matchlockmen," casually inquired the commissioner, "would the Sheranees put into the field in case of necessity?" To the bent of an Afghan mind this question presented a magnificent opportunity of exaggerating at once the strength and importance of his people. Swelling, therefore, with pride, the ambassador rejoined that a thousand men were at any hour ready to serve the British government. In that case, remarked the unsophisticated Feringhee, he would compromise matters by a fine of one rupee for every matchlockman. And the Grey-beard returned, discomfited and discredited, to raise the money from his sarcastically indignant people, who from thenceforth retained a much more exalted opinion of the diplomatic talents of the sahib at Peshawur.

But no matter how much acumen or even inspiration he might display in his dealings with the tribal hillsmen, no one was better aware than Edwardes that such efforts could but touch the fringe of his difficulties. The real heart of the whole frontier question was Cabul. So long as every attack upon us was received there, if not with open, at any rate with covert sympathy, so long as every offender who fled through the Khyber was sure of hospitality and protection, so long our relations with the ameer were bound to remain strained and unsatisfactory. This tension of public temper had been roughly exposed in the light of the events which had followed the assassination of Mackeson. There was not probably a single European

in the valley who had not seen in the knife of the fanatical cobbler a preconcerted signal between Cabul and Peshawur. Troops had been ordered up from the Punjab; men on the spot had slept in their boots, with their swords by their sides, in hourly expectation that the populace would break into revolt, and that the drums of the invading Afghans would sound in the passes overhead. The crisis, it is true, proved to be merely a panic; but, with the evidence of its existence before his eyes, it could hardly have escaped the attention of the new warden of the marches that the true solution of the difficulty lay in the resumption of friendly intercourse with Cabul, in the negotiation, if possible, of a treaty in which "by-gones should be by-gones," and the hand of the clock of time set back to that happy hour at which it had pointed before Lord Auckland ordered the British troops into the Khyber Pass.

But was it possible? There was one statesman at any rate, and he the one whose opinion was above all others likely to carry most weight at Calcutta, who held emphatically that it was not, though, in their admiration for their hero, his biographers have been apt to overlook the fact. Yet there probably never lived a man for whom it was less necessary to gather where he had not sown, than for John Lawrence of the Punjab. "He seemed," wrote Sir John Kaye, in a glowing panegyric of his many virtues, "to be continually toiling onwards, upwards, as if life were not meant for repose, with the grand princely motto, 'I serve,' inscribed in characters of light on his forehead. He served God as unceasingly as he served the state, and set before all his countrymen in the Punjab the true pattern of a Christian gentleman. Under his rule there was little or none of that great scandal which made our names a hissing and a reproach in Afghanistan. Our English officers, for the most part, lived pure lives in that heathen land; and private immorality under the administration of John Lawrence grew into a grave public offence." Such was the chief commissioner of the Punjab. If in what followed he and Edwardes found themselves officially opposed, their private friendship never grew dim. Each recognized in the other the spirit of the old English knight who had scratched upon his sword the words, "For God, and for my Country;" and when, years later, John Lawrence girt himself up to take upon his shoulders the burden of our Eastern Empire, it was to



the care of Herbert Edwardes that he entrusted his little children too delicate to brave the dangers of an Indian sun.

By the beginning of 1854 Edwardes, having thought out his plans for the resumption of friendly intercourse with Cabul, forwarded his scheme to Lawrence, with the request that he would transmit it to Calcutta. If, however, he had ever hoped for support from his chief, he was quickly undeceived. On perhaps no mind in India had the mistaken policy of Lord Auckland left a more lasting impression than upon that of the chief commissioner of the Punjab. He remembered with still fresh horror all that had followed our last interference in the politics of Afghanistan. He had heard from the lips of his brother all the terrors of 1841, and he had come to regard any new overtures as the possible first step in a fresh fiasco. He believed little in the faith of the Afghans, still less in that of their ameer. His own policy was defined in the now famous phrase, "masterly inactivity." You cannot, he was wont to say, come to terms with them, because, first, "you will never be able to get them to make a treaty, and, second, if they make it, they will not keep it." And he would probably have written in letters of fire across the mouth of the Khyber the words which the Italian poet has inscribed over the portals of hell, as a warning to all his countrymen who cast their eyes in that direction. He forwarded, it is true, Edwardes's proposal to the governor-general, but he accompanied it with a memorandum of his own in which he inveighed with all his powers against its adoption. Now it happened that there was seated, at that moment, upon the viceregal throne a statesman who was capable of thinking and acting for himself. Lord Dalhousie, Lawrence used himself to say, listened to your arguments and weighed them, but answered with "an imperial 'yes' or 'no.'" On this occasion he did not believe the description. To Lawrence's declaration "that the thing was impossible to be done," he replied that he thought otherwise. "I give you," he wrote to Edwardes, *carte blanche*, and if you can only bring about such a result as you propose it will be a feather even in your cap;" and he finished by proposing that, as his chief was so opposed to the attempt, the commissioner at Peshawur should correspond direct with Calcutta, instead of through the medium of Lahore. But that was about the last thing Edwardes dreamed of. He was, what that noble lady, Honoria Lawrence, once described him as,

"one of nature's true nobility." He might sometimes disagree with Lawrence, but none the less Lawrence was his beloved friend and trusted chief; and to the end, though conscious that all his recommendations were criticised and condemned by one of the keenest intellects and most trenchant pens in India, all his despatches reached Calcutta through Lahore.

It is not necessary to track Edwardes's footsteps of success across the Sahara of official correspondence. It is not necessary, nor indeed is there space, to show by what incredible patience, by what tact, by what mastery, all the subtleties and evasions of Asiatic diplomacy were met and overcome. It is only necessary to show from his own words, both in his private letters to Edwardes, and in his public communications with the government, how John Lawrence fought against the adoption of that policy, the advantages of which he was one day so warmly to acknowledge. His view of the negotiations was formulated in the expressive words, "waste of time." It was impossible to convince him that Dost Mahommed could ever be converted into a loyal friend, or that our interference in Afghan politics could result in anything but future trouble. To Edwardes's contention that common sense must force upon the ameer the advantage of keeping on good terms with a power that stood armed at his gates and could at any moment crush him, he replied, that nothing that we could do would make him a real ally and friend, and that he "doubted whether a treaty would be good policy with the Dost, who would only be bound by it as long as he liked." While as for the proposal that we should keep ourselves safe against the danger of being drawn into the net of internal Afghan politics by guaranteeing the ameer, in the event of his alliance with us landing him in difficulties, not men nor officers, but money, he clearly regarded it as impossible. "I dare say you are right," he wrote to Edwardes; "still, I cannot divest myself of the idea that it is a mistake, and will end in mixing us up in Afghan politics and affairs more than is desirable. The strength which a treaty can give us seems to be a delusion. It will be like the reed on which, if a man lean, it will break and pierce his hand." Thus, not only without help from Lawrence, but in the teeth of his determined opposition, Edwardes forced though his treaty with the ameer. It took the Mutiny to drag from the chief commissioner the admission that "as matters have

turned out the arrangements were very fortunate." Even then he went so far as to maintain that the idea was wrong in its conception, on the extraordinary ground that Edwardes could not have foreseen the Mutiny. "I told him," wrote Edwardes in a letter to his wife, "that we certainly did not foresee this Mutiny, but that all treaties were made for the sake of gaining friends against a day of difficulty, without reference to what that difficulty might be."

And now, after a year of difficult negotiation, the treaty was at last ready for signature. It was but a little document of three clauses, binding the two nations in "perpetual peace and friendship," and the Afghans, in addition, as "friends to the friends, and enemies to the enemies," of England; but its effects were destined to be far-reaching. Not one of the compromises so dreaded by Lawrence was to be found in the text; the aims set forth by Edwardes in his original memorandum had been attained without committing his government to anything save an acknowledgment of existing frontiers. To accomplish all this, he had had as an assistant his native envoy at Cabul, Fonjdar Khan. That Fonjdar who, having ridden at his bridle arm through the days of the Mooltan rebellion, had learned to appreciate the strength and nobility of his character, and was now able to convince the treacherous and suspicious Afghans that, in the *sahib* at Peshawur, they had found an ally truly above fear and above reproach, who had taken for his motto the command of the mystic western king, "To honor his own word as if it were his God's." Thus, between them, the Pathan and the Englishman overcame the hesitations of Cabul. Lawrence's conviction, that the Afghans could never be induced to make a treaty, was proved utterly mistaken. So anxious, indeed, was the Dost for the stability of the new alliance, that he was eager to come down to India and sign in the presence of the governor-general himself; and when that proved impossible he nominated as his representative the heir apparent, Hyder Khan, with a request that he should be welcomed at Peshawur with the highest possible honors.

Then was it that Herbert Edwardes, forever giving the lie to those venomous and puny spirits which could only see in his efforts for his country's good the assertion of his own pride, taught them with stately magnanimity wherein true greatness lies. He had been, he knew, selected by the government to sign the treaty, in

token of their admiration of his conduct of the negotiations. But no sooner did the appeal of the *ameer* reach Peshawur, than, all forgetful of self, he wrote to Calcutta to insist upon the necessity of humoring their ally and of entrusting the signature to the chief officer of the Punjab, John Lawrence. It was done — "much," wrote Lord Dalhousie, in the name of the government, "against the wish of us all. I am exceedingly vexed that you should not have had, as I intended you should, the crowning credit of bringing to a close the negotiations you have conducted so well and so successfully." A day later came a letter from Lawrence, announcing that he had received notification of the change in the intentions of the government. "I wish myself," he concluded, "that you were to do it, sincerely. I so far agree with the governor-general that I think all the merit of the affair, whatever it may be, is yours."

So the Afghan prince and the Irish governor met and signed their treaty by the Khyber mouth, and went on their respective ways, the one mildly appreciative of his success, the other with a growl of relief to Nicholson that, so far, at any rate, no harm had been done. But already his irrepressible lieutenant was preparing fresh anxieties for him. The treaty just signed Edwardes regarded as an instalment, important no doubt, but still only an instalment of what might be done to draw the two powers more closely together. Lord Dalhousie had gone home to die, but Lord Canning had proved apt to adopt the policy on which his predecessor had set his seal. And so, before two years were out, John Lawrence found himself on the brink of renewed negotiations with the *ameer*. He was to come up to Peshawur, and there arrange with the Dost in person the terms of a regular alliance. That he was still unconvinced may be gathered from the terms in which he wrote to Edwardes of the proposed interview: "It appears to me we shall get nothing out of the *ameer*, except by paying through the nose for it; and this being the case, I would not bring on an interview." Nevertheless, it was done. On January 26th, 1857, the second treaty was signed. Barely four months later the *sepoys* rose at Meerut, and the Mutiny began.

Then at last John Lawrence understood what had been gained. Then, at last, it was forced upon him that his second great objection — that the treaty, if made, would not be kept — had, like the first, been

blown as dust before the wind. How, if to mutiny had been added invasion, would he have held the Punjab, much less been able to accomplish the capture of Delhi? As it was, he was all for throwing Peshawur as a sop to Cabul, and retiring behind the Indus, till Edwardes's passionate appeals to Lord Canning brought back the famous telegram, "Hold on to Peshawur to the last." "The Punjab," Lawrence declared, "has saved the Bengal Presidency." Yes! but Peshawur saved the Punjab. When the good news began to come in from Delhi, one of the great Sikh Sirdars, on being exultingly informed of it, paid little attention, but asked significantly, "What news from Peshawur?" "Excellent; all quiet there," answered his informant. "But why do you always ask so anxiously about Peshawur?" The Sikh hesitated, and then taking his scarf began rolling it from the corner. "See," he said, "if Peshawur goes, the whole Punjab will be rolled up in rebellion like this." Still nothing could have saved us if the Afghan armies had swept through the Khyber; and to the Afghans the reconquest of Peshawur was an eternal hope. "Hear the news from Delhi!" they would scream, bursting into the *durbar*, and flinging their turbans wrathfully at the feet of the ameer. "See the difficulties the Feringhees are in down below! Are you a Mahomedan? Why don't you lead us on to take advantage of them, and win Peshawur back?" But the old man stood firm. "I have an alliance," he said, "with the British government; and come what may, I will keep it till death!"

Little wonder then if Edwardes as he faced his own mutinous regiments in the valley, felt proud that it was owing to his foresight that the Afghans were not gathering in the passes overhead. For, as he said, if the ameer had once lifted the banner of Islam, the English must have been driven towards their ships, though how many would have reached them was another matter. Little wonder then if, as he watched the tribal levies, recruited from the very men who but for his foresight would have been flocking to the green flag, and the enlistment of whom Lawrence had at first so peremptorily forbidden, marching off to Delhi, he felt that he had deserved well of his country. "Verily," cried one of the chieftains, hurling his turban at Edwardes's feet, "I believe you are the author himself of *Æsop's* fables. See what you have done! If the frontier men kill the enemy — well; if the enemy kills them — better still! Now I know

that you are the wisest man that was ever known!"

Well might he say that the negotiations of the Afghan treaties was the greatest service he had ever rendered his country. But the knowledge of it was his only reward. No word printed or spoken of public thanks ever came to him. Perhaps had Lord Dalhousie lived the acknowledgment might have been made. But the great viceroy came home only to die, and John Lawrence, who alone besides knew the whole truth, was a ruler ever chary of praise, holding, with the great Duke of Wellington, that a man should always do his duty, and that to thank him for performing it was but to "fill his head with wind." As for Edwardes, he was the last man to claim anything for himself. When, after the Mooltan outbreak, Lord Dalhousie had inquired of him what honors he should beg for him from the queen, he replied in these words: "The reward that I would ask, and that would please me best, is that the native officers who have served me so faithfully may be well rewarded. I would ask you to give Fonjdar Khan and Siwur Khan a *jaghire* in perpetuity and a suitable title." And years later, when pressed to make known his share in the treaties of 1855-7, he displayed the same simple self-forgetfulness. "John Lawrence," he then wrote, "is emphatically a hard man in public matters; it is a principle of his not to praise. Most unquestionably he is a great public servant, and so all one has to do is to love him in private, and respect him in public. I beg you not to blow a single blast on the althorn of Fame for me." Nevertheless he enjoyed perhaps the highest possible of all rewards, the proud consciousness that he had served his country; and that John Lawrence, the man whom, next to his first friend and master in India, Henry Lawrence, he most revered, had learned to understand how great the service was.

F. DIXON.

From Longman's Magazine.

#### SOME BIRDS IN INDIA.

It has been well said that life is made up of small things. According to this principle, the exile in India, who wishes to enliven his monotonous existence by taking advantage of the sport that the country affords, must be prepared to find most of his occupation amongst the small game that surrounds him, however much

he may long, like Virgil's young hero, to see a wild boar or a tawny lion come forth from the jungle. Under the term "small game" it is expedient that he should include, not merely the recognized game birds and smaller quadrupeds that are suitable for the purposes of the table. Feather and fur of every kind should be the subject of his pursuit. The well-known Indian naturalist, Dr. Jerdan, when staying at Hooghly at my house, which stood in a large compound with several groups of fine old trees in it, killed in a few hours more than forty different kinds of birds, each of which was more or less useful for his scientific purposes. It may not be possible for every man to become a scientific collector of birds, but if he will learn how to skin birds and to preserve their skins, he may be able to send valuable contributions to ornithologists like Dr. Jerdan. I was taught by one of my first sporting mentors how to skin birds and small animals, and to treat them with arsenical soap. It is not very difficult work; but as it took up more time than I could conveniently spare, I soon imparted my knowledge to a clever native servant, who easily surpassed his teacher. It is, of course, expedient to look after the arsenical soap, for a painful case is well known, where the cook mistook arsenical soap for lard, and poisoned his master when out on a shooting expedition. I should regard it as cruelty to shoot the small birds if no use were to be made of their skins or plumage. By a little observation and practice, a man may learn the notes and calls of most of the common birds, and if he hears a cry that sounds strange to his ears, he should go out and see what bird is making it. He should slip a cartridge into his gun, and presently he may be rewarded by finding that he has got some rare specimen, that he can prepare and forward to the nearest scientific ornithologist.

A government official at a civil or military station in the interior of the country lives very much in the open air, even when he is nominally indoors. A good house or bungalow is usually surrounded by a broad verandah, and almost every door or window in the house is kept open. When a man is sitting in his verandah, either at his work or for his pleasure, he can watch what is passing among the birds and other inhabitants of his garden, and he soon begins to recognize some of them; whilst they gradually become more familiar and fearless of his presence. He should always have a gun within reach for

the protection of his little friends, whose natural enemies are ever on the watch for them. Sometimes a hawk swoops down on an unsuspecting victim, or a predatory cat from the village makes a pounce at its prey. In some places the little grey squirrels become almost inconveniently tame, for they have mischievous teeth, with which they nibble some precious things that they ought not to touch. One day I had been feeding a very bold little squirrel, but on my being suddenly called away in the house, the squirrel jumped down from the verandah into the garden. Presently, the most piercing shrieks were heard, and on running back to the verandah I found the poor little squirrel about half-way up a post some seven feet high, and dodging round it, whilst a gaunt cat was jumping at him from below, and an owl was hovering over the top of the post and striking at him. My gun fortunately disposed of both the cat and the owl, but the squirrel was so dreadfully frightened, first, by his deadly enemies, and secondly, by the firing of the gun, that he went on for several minutes dodging round the post as if the cat and the owl were still attacking him.

One of the birds that forces itself on the acquaintance of a stranger in India is the common crow — the *Corvus splendens* of naturalists. I regard it as the enemy of man, and bird, and beast. It is curious that it should have gained the epithet of *splendens*, for its appearance can hardly be considered prepossessing, as its feathers are like those of the English jackdaw, and the grey neck has no splendor about it. The Indian crow has the same inquisitive character as his classical ancestors. He wants to have his claw or his beak in every pie. He flies into the verandahs, and, after peering into the rooms to see if the coast is clear, he will make a dash at the loaf on the breakfast-table, or at the cage of a canary suspended in the drawing-room. No one whose pet canary has had its leg torn off by a crow trying to drag it out of its cage, will ever feel any mercy for the cruel monster. In order to keep the crows out of the house, it is customary to enclose the verandahs with network. It sometimes happens that an adventurous crow has found a chance opening in the nets, and has made his way in; but being suddenly surprised or cut off, is unable to get out again. Then is the time for the servants to bring the pellet-bow, and to make a target of the crow, in punishment for his many misdeeds; or if you are the possessor of a Sylhet bamboo blow-pipe, with its sharp-pointed, paper-winged darts,



the life of that crow may be made exceedingly unhappy, until you can almost see that he is making vows never again to enter the habitation of that cruel monster, man; for the crow does not like cruelty when practised on himself. But he is the most cruel creature that I can think of. When there is a murrain among cattle, as too often happens in Bengal, the crow may be seen pecking out the eyes of a moribund sheep or cow, when the poor beast cannot turn its head away from the merciless assailant. There are, indeed, stories current in barrack-life, that the crow occasionally meets with unpleasant treatment at the hands of young Mr. Thomas Atkins, assisted by the regimental native cook-boys. Whatever treatment the individual crow receives, though he may have been personally an innocent bird, so many of his race have committed atrocious cruelties that he must be prepared to suffer vicariously for them.

Nevertheless, there is some fun in a crow, even if it be a love of mischief. In Calcutta I had a large garden surrounded by shady trees, in whose branches many crows used to roost at night. As soon as daylight appeared, they all flew off to their favorite resorts, where they lived upon the garbage of the city; and it must be admitted in their favor that they are most useful scavengers. But, when sunset came, they used to return to their roosting-place, and sometimes they gave me an unwelcome evening serenade. Coming home late and tired from office, I used to sit out on my lawn, and a very large white Persian cat would come out to keep me company. Then the cat and the crows used to have a little game of their own. The cat would stretch itself out and flick his long, furry tail about. Some twenty or thirty crows promptly accepted the challenge, and quickly alighted round the cat, with the intention of pulling his tail. Some of them hopped up in front, as near as they could with safety from the cat's fore paws, others stood at the side, and several of the best players took their position behind the cat. They evidently acted in concert. The crows in front crept up as close as they dared to secure the cat's attention, and then one of the crows behind the cat made a dash at the tail, which the cat skilfully guarded by flirting it from one side to the other. It was very seldom that a crow succeeded in getting a mouthful of the cat's fur. The cat, meanwhile, had really an eye to business, and if one of the birds in front of him came within practicable distance, he made a

spring that sometimes had a fatal result, and the game terminated among the terrified cawings and clamor of the survivors, who saw their unlucky comrade torn to pieces before their eyes. But in the course of twenty-four hours they seemed to have forgotten the mishap of their brother, and they came again to renew their diversion with the cat, who was always ready to play the game, in which it might be said that his motto was, "Heads I win, tails you lose." The crows are certainly clever birds. A friend once gave me two crows' nests that had been built in his garden, which was close to the premises of a manufacturer of soda-water. The crows had got hold of a quantity of the wires used for fastening the corks of the bottles, and had found in them a pliant material wherewith to build their nests. There were a few twigs of wood, but the chief part of the nests was made of wire. I gave these nests to Mr. Schwendler, the government electrician, when I left India, and I believe that he sent them to a museum in Berlin.

There is a little bird — really a game-bird — which most men who are studious of their health and pleasure like to have on the premises. This bird is the teal. In many old country-houses there is a tealery of long standing; but if no such outhouse exists, the new comer will do well to build a tealery for himself. It need not be very costly or large; but it should be built so as to be proof against rats and cats and jackals; and, as the bottom of the house requires to be provided with a reservoir of water, some little skill is needed to regulate the flow and discharge of the water, so that it may always be kept as clean as possible. Towards the end of February, or in the middle of March, just before the teal are ready to migrate from India to the distant regions of central Asia or Tartary, the native shikarees must be employed to bring in a stock of live teal. The difficulty is to catch them uninjured, but the clever natives, with nets and decoys, soon arrange the business, and happy is the man who, by March 20, can say that a hundred little teal are safely housed in his tealery. They must be carefully fed and watched, and any dead or sickly birds should be removed at once. Then, when the dog-star rages; when the thermometer is above 90° in the house at dinner-time; when mutton is tough and the appetite falls at the sight of perpetual roast or boiled fowls, how comforting it is to know that there are a couple of plump little teal on the



*menu*, with fresh slices of lemon and a sauce delicately flavored with Nepalese pepper. Virtually this is not a matter of luxury, for in the worst part of the hot weather and the steamy rains, it is almost necessary for health and strength to have some little solid delicacy like a teal for dinner.

The shooting of teal and widgeon and wild ducks and other aquatic birds soon attracts the attention of the young sportsman. From November to March there is a great migration of wild fowl of many sorts into India, and though large numbers are annually killed during their sojourn in the country, there seems as yet to be no diminution of fresh immigrants. The story of the widgeon in the Calcutta Zoo is one of the best authenticated illustrations of the annual migration of Indian wild fowl.

In February, 1877, a widgeon took up his abode with the rhinoceros in his paddock at the Zoo. It used to pick up the grain that was upset from the feeding-trough of the rhinoceros, and it swam about in the small pool of water that was provided for the rhinoceros's ablutions. This bird had been bought in the Calcutta market, and pinioned and turned loose with others on a large open piece of water in the Zoo. But after it had found its way into the rhinoceros enclosure it never rejoined its companions, nor did any of them come to bear it company. It became quite indifferent to the presence of spectators, and it did not mind the keeper, who went in daily to clean the rhinoceros and its paddock. So things went on till March 26, 1877, when the widgeon disappeared, and no one expected ever to see it again. But, in November, 1877, one morning the keeper of the rhinoceros found that there was a widgeon again in the paddock, and when we went to examine it there could be little doubt that it was the same bird, for it seemed quite at home, and behaved just as it had done in the spring, and took no notice of the visitors who came to look, whereas they would have certainly frightened a new or strange bird. The widgeon remained till March, 1878, and then flew away. It came back in November, 1878, and stayed till March, 1879. It reappeared in November, 1879, and remained till March, 1880, after which it never came back any more, nor has any other widgeon come in its stead. Of course it is not possible to prove to a certainty that it was the same bird that came year after year. It is known that there are certain spots that have special attractions for migra-

tory birds; and if I could be at a certain bridge near Chittagong on September 1, this year, I should feel as confident of killing a couple of snipe there as I did, year after year, forty years ago. In that case it was known to me that some green grass surrounding a little spring attracted the snipe year after year; but the rhinoceros paddock at the Zoo had no such attractions, and it is unlikely that a perfectly wild bird would select a spot where so many human beings, workmen and spectators, were moving about to disturb it. If that widgeon could but have told the tale of its annual migrations, what an interesting chapter it would be in ornithology.

Although many young sportsmen go out to shoot ducks in Bengal, it requires some skill and experience to make a good bag. There are some broad lagoons, known as jheels and beels, which swarm with ducks, but you can never get a shot at them, for the birds have been so worried and hunted by native shikarees that they are off at the slightest suspicion of danger, and it may be a day's journey in a native canoe to the place where they next settle. In some parts of the country the ducks are more foolish, and do not take even reasonable precautions for their own safety. At some villages in the south of the Bhagulpore district, there are a number of old tanks, or reservoirs, about fifty yards square, surrounded with bushes on their high banks, whilst lotuses and other aquatic plants, such as wild ducks like, almost cover the water. At a certain time of the year these tanks are full of ducks. A man has only to get to leeward of them, and then he can crawl up among the bushes on the banks and look down on the pretty birds feeding and disporting themselves, without a suspicion of danger. It seems almost cruel to interrupt their pleasure; but the first barrel cuts a line through the little flock, and the second barrel makes havoc among them as they rise; and if there is a second gun within reach, two more shots may be fired before the birds seem to understand where the danger comes from. It takes some little time to collect the killed and wounded. By the time the spoil is gathered together the surviving birds have settled on some other tank, and almost the same mode of attack may be repeated. But you must visit them at the right season. You may go there again after a week or ten days and there is not a duck to be seen.

The best wild-duck shooting that ever came within my reach was in the Fureedpore district, where much of the country

remains submerged for several months from the overflow of the large rivers the Ganges and the Berhampooter. Some of these backwaters (if they may be so described) never dry up all the year round. Here, at the right season of the year, the wild ducks assemble in tens of thousands, and, fortunately for the sportsman, they can be got at by a little judicious management. As the same backwaters also abound in fish, the local fishermen are usually very busy there in their canoes, and as the wild ducks soon find that they are not molested by the fishermen, they get accustomed to the canoes and dug-outs that are moving about among them. The fishermen's canoes are generally made of the trunk of a large tree, about twenty or thirty feet long, whilst the dug-outs are much smaller, being formed of the trunks of palm-trees split in half. The canoes are rather too narrow, so the best plan is to get a couple of dug-outs, and lash them together, with a platform over them, on which one man, or, if need be, two men, can sit with their guns and ammunition, with little risk of an upset. The fore part of this war-ship is built up with matting, so as to hide the shooters on the platform, and the almost nude native boatman sits in the stern and paddles or poles the craft along according to the depth of the water. When the water is shallow there are plenty of rushes growing, among which the ducks are feeding or flirting, and it is often very tempting to risk a shot at a couple that present themselves to almost certain destruction. But a little patience will be well rewarded. When it is an object to make a large bag, the sportsman must wait till the boatman takes him to some favored spot, where an open space of water is almost covered with wild fowl of every kind, many of them seemingly asleep, and all unconscious of impending danger. But the fatal moment comes, and, after several shots have been fired, the surface of the water is strewn with the killed, whilst many wounded birds are vainly struggling to escape. A common landing net is the best implement for collecting the wounded birds, as they try to dive and hide themselves under the weeds. The surviving birds wheel round overhead in little flocks, the different sorts banding together under their recognized leaders, mallards and pintails, red-headed pochards and shovellers, widgeon and teal, all keeping themselves separate whilst on the wing. Much depends on the time of the day when and where the birds will settle again; and if

the sportsman is still intent on adding to his bag, he can follow up the birds from place to place according to his knowledge of the locality; but if he is content to return to his camp at once, he may be sure of finding on the way several stray couples of birds that hid themselves in the patches of rushes when the firing first began.

There is one important maxim to be observed in wild-fowl shooting of this kind, which will perhaps surprise some people. The guns should all keep together, and though there is not room for more than two men on one raft, it is better to have two rafts side by side than for two or more men to take different courses or positions independently. "Do not think of separating," writes Mr. Simson, the leading authority on the subject in Bengal, "else the invariable result will be that just as you are about to get the best shot of the season, when the wild ducks are half asleep and unsuspecting, and all so crowded together that you can scarcely see a foot of water among half an acre of ducks, suddenly off goes a shot from some other boat, and your chance of sport for that turn is spoilt."

Independently of the eatable wild fowl, as they may be called, there are legions of other aquatic birds which may be described as not eatable, although hunger and necessity may compel the sportsman to eat them, just as a friend of mine, one of the greatest gourmands in India, once found himself reduced to a dinner of fried caterpillars and bamboo leaves to avert starvation. The Brahminy ducks, or ruddy sheldrakes, which are found in pairs on the sandy bed of almost every river in India, are not considered eatable birds at the dinner-tables of the dwellers in cities; but when on a river tour your cook-boat has lagged behind, and neither cook nor dinner are likely to be forthcoming for several hours, do not despise the humble Brahminy, though you will do well to skin him before you boil him in any vessel that you can lay your hand upon. Mr. Simson says that in December the Brahminy duck that has been feeding on the young rice is very eatable, "if better game is not forthcoming." It is to be regretted that in the other eleven months of the year the Brahminy is like the night-heron, the flesh of which was recommended to Mr. Simson by a native friend, who said that it had "such a nice flavor of fish."

Large flocks of wild geese are often seen in eastern Bengal in the cold weather, and if they settle on the bank of a river, or any seemingly accessible spot, the

young sportsman will not hesitate to go after them. But they are *disgustingly* watchful birds, and when you have toiled hard, and crawled like a serpent over acres of mud and sand to approach them, the sentinel detects you, and away the birds all fly with much music in their contemptuous voices. Console yourself by thinking that they are usually tough and fishy, and not good to eat. In the same way, if a big flock of pelicans comes in sight, it is very fascinating to watch them wheeling and manœuvring high up in the sky, until they at last determine on the spot on which they will alight. You will get your guns and summon your friends to go and try for a shot at them; but your labor will often be in vain, and again you must console yourself by the thought that they are not fit for human food. A very different bird is the koolen or coolen, a very large grey crane, whose trumpet-like call may be heard high in the heavens when the birds themselves are hardly to be seen. But sooner or later the flock will alight on some open space, probably near a river, and it will then be a subject of much consideration how to get at them. If the ground is not favorable for a stalk, there is nothing for it but to select what Mr. Simson calls an "amiable cow" out of the nearest herd, and by skilfully manipulating the cow's tail to steer the animal as near as possible towards the coolen, and then take a shot at them over the cow's back. I once succeeded in doing this myself, or I might not have ventured to write of it. But it is not easily done, as the apparently amiable cow has an antipathy to an English stranger, and the English stranger is not expert in twisting a cow's tail after the manner which is so familiar to the natives. Mr. Simson says that his native shikaree was an adept at stalking birds with cows. "He had a better hand on a cow's tail than Jem Mason on a hunter's rein. He had one peculiar art: he could drive several cows or oxen at once towards his game, and he did it slowly and steadily. Very often Bengali cattle would not allow a European near them; none seemed to mind him, though his treatment of their tails was barbarous." If you succeed in shooting a young and plump coolen you are not likely to forget it. A slice from the breast of a roast coolen is excellent at dinner, and you may easily be tempted to eat more than is quite prudent of the same bird when cold for breakfast.

Space is wanting to write about many of the other cranes and waders, and plovers and curlews that present themselves to

the gun of the young sportsman. I desire to offer one word of sympathy and regret for the poor paddy-bird, who provided sport during the whole of the last century to so many young officers when they were beginning to learn to shoot. But the railways of India have been fatal to the paddy-bird. It came to pass in this way. When the railways were laid out, and trenches were dug, and excavations made for earth to throw up embankments, the paddy-bird may have thought that this work was being done for his gratification and to provide him with new hunting-grounds in the rainy season. For it is the habit of the paddy-bird to take up his position by any stream or pool of water and to wait patiently till a fish or some other food comes by. His sombre brown plumage casts but little shadow, and, as he does not wish to be seen, he may imagine that no one can see him. But the British navy cast his eye upon him. When railways were first made in India, platelayers and other English leading workmen had to be employed to superintend the native workmen, and even the higher class of railway officers and engineers could not always resist the temptation of a pot-shot at the poor paddy-bird. The pioneers of the railway had often to rough it considerably in the matter of food, so that a paddy-bird soon came to rank as *gibier* in their estimation, and he was slain and cooked and eaten without remorse. The paddy-bird is but a slow flyer, so even if he took to his wings he was not safe when his enemies became more skilful with their guns. The result has been that paddy-birds have become very scarce along the lines of railway in Bengal, and the survivors have retired to safer parts of the country where railways are yet unknown.

Snipe-shooting is the sport that almost invariably commends itself at an early period of his Indian career to the young sportsman. It is an inexpensive amusement, and there are few civil or military stations where there is not some marsh or paddy-field within reach of any man who wants to shoot snipe. In most books of good advice to young men going to India, a chapter is devoted to warn him against the imprudence and perils of snipe-shooting. He is told that he will get a *coup de soleil*, or malarious fever, or be bitten by a snake — all for the sake of a paltry bird that he can buy for sixpence. Captain Baden-Powell, in his book on hog-hunting in India, has recommended to the Indian government that every young officer, civil or military, should be put through a course

of hog-hunting, to prove himself fully qualified for the public service. I am much inclined to think that high honors and the choice of preferable appointments should be open to those young men who pass a good examination in snipe-shooting in their first year of service. Unfortunately some of them go out to India with their sight so impaired by hard reading that they can never see to shoot, and would only be a source of danger to their companions. I write rather feelingly on this subject. At a certain station which was under my authority, a few partridges were to be found in some clumps of rushes and bushes along the banks of the river Adjai, and the district police superintendent, who was a good sportsman, got up a small party for my amusement, the partridges being driven out by a line of beaters directed from an elephant. As we were starting I saw that the new competition-wallah assistant, a pale and weakly youth in spectacles, had joined the party, and, on learning that he was anxious to become a sportsman, it was not for me to discourage him. I was assured that he would not carry a gun, and that he would only look on from the elephant. When we got to the covert it was rather difficult to keep the beaters in line, the bushes and rushes, higher than the heads of the men, being unequally distributed, so that, when the birds began to rise, one shot might be heard too far ahead, whilst another shot came dangerously from behind. I was going along cautiously when, to my horror the spectacled youth emerged from behind a bush with a gun in his hand, and fired off both barrels, without bringing the butt to his shoulder, at a bird that flew unpleasantly near to me. I was both frightened and furious. I called out, "Take away that man's gun and send him home at once on the elephant." My orders were obeyed, and the youth himself, very much frightened at his escapade, was only too glad to be sent home, and I believe that he never went out shooting again till an early death closed his career. A friend of mine, a good sportsman, was very unfortunate. He was trying to teach a competition-wallah assistant to shoot snipe. This youth was short-sighted and also squinted badly. When a snipe got up before them, the competition-wallah fired and sent some forty pellets of snipe-shot right into my friend's face, and it was very lucky that he was not killed or blinded. Some of the shots are still in his face.

When Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was in India a

few months ago, I believe that some people in England were surprised to read the telegrams that he was devoting himself to snipe-shooting at Madras and near Calcutta. But the prince was quite right, for he was certain to get good sport. Madras has always been famous for its snipe-shooting. In the library of the Oriental Club there is a book, published in 1806, by Colonel Gold of the Royal Artillery, with numerous illustrations of the ways and manners of the people of Madras. There is one charming picture of two British officers out snipe-shooting with their native attendants. The drawings are colored, and it is instructive to see that the British officer in those days went out snipe-shooting in his full regimentals, wearing his red coat with yellow facings and gold epaulets, tight knee breeches and gaiters, and a plumed black military hat, with a scarf of white muslin fastened round it to avert the sun. The native attendants were gaily dressed, and one of them carried an armchair on which Colonel Gold says that the sportsman rested himself between the shots whilst his gun was being reloaded, and refreshment was at hand in the shape of certain leather-covered bottles and a large porous black serai for water. Not having shot snipe in Madras, I will turn to Bengal and try to give some account of how we carried on the war there against the long-bills.

Snipe-shooting in Bengal begins usually in the middle of October, when the flocks of birds arrive on the bright nights about the time of full moon, though a few may come a little earlier in the year. In October the best shooting is to be got amongst the young rice plants, which are then only a few inches high, so that the birds that are killed may be easily picked up. When the rice grows higher and thicker, so as to be above a man's knee, the snipe are not so easily found, and dead or wounded birds are lost in the most annoying manner. At a late period of the year, when the rice has ripened and the stalks, after their manner, lie flattened down upon the water, shooting again becomes practicable in the paddy-fields. But there is another kind of snipe-ground which is much superior. The deserted bed of an old Gangetic river, that has silted up in the course of ages, is sometimes covered with thick, soft grass that is very attractive to the snipe, and is almost like a Turkey carpet for the sportsman to walk upon. Such is the famous snipe-ground at Kanchrapara, to which Prince Albert Victor was taken from Calcutta by two sportsmen who



knew the ground well, and made some large bags. Kanchrapara is now the name of a railway station about twenty-five miles from Calcutta, so that the ground is easily accessible, and so many men go to shoot there that the snipe are often almost driven out of the place. But with a few days' rest, and with a few moonlight nights, fresh flocks of birds arrive, and the supply seems almost inexhaustible. It is more than thirty years ago, when there was no railway to Kanchrapara, and the ground was known to very few men, that I used to shoot over it. It was then only approachable from the opposite side of the river Hooghly, so that we officials at Hooghly had almost a monopoly of it for ourselves and our friends. The land at Kanchrapara is the property of a wealthy Hindoo land owner and merchant, with whom we were on very good terms. We used to drive about three miles up the right or Hooghly side of the river, as far as this gentleman's house. There a boat was in waiting for us; and on the left bank he had ponies ready for us on which we could ride up to the shooting-ground, a distance of about two miles. Our servants and guns were always sent on beforehand, and met us at the western end of the jheel, as the snipe-ground is called. A small stream still flowed through the jheel, and there was room for one gun on the south of this stream, and for two guns on the north side of it. Nothing could be more perfect than this ground for snipe-shooting about 10 A.M. on a cool day in November, with the gentle north wind blowing on our face and the sun well up and behind our right hand. The birds at that time of day sat close on the soft, short grass. When they were almost kicked up they flew away about twenty-five yards, and then turned up into the wind, presenting the easiest shot imaginable. It was in the old days of muzzle loaders, and after firing four barrels we stopped to pick up the killed and wounded and to reload. The ground was generally sound to walk on, but there were one or two places, well known to me, where there was a bit of deep bog, and sometimes a stranger or one of our beaters would get in up to his neck, for we had two beaters to each gun, to fill up the line and to help carry the birds. A man with any pretension to be considered a good shot could get from twenty to thirty couple of snipe in about two hours. One friend of mine could get his fifty couple, but he was a first-rate shot and seldom missed a bird. I had usually to limit my own time for

shooting to two hours, so as not to get over tired, and as soon as the creamy part of the ground was shot over, I mounted one of the ponies and rode back to the boat, in which I changed my clothes and ate some sandwiches as the boatmen rowed along and landed me at the door of my office before one o'clock.

This very easy-going and abundant snipe-shooting very much spoilt me for more laborious work. But I have often shot snipe from an elephant when beating with a line of elephants for the hog hunters of the Tent Club. I remember the astonishment of a globe-trotter, who was sitting behind me in the howdah and holding on with all his might, as it was his first ride on an elephant across country, when he saw me standing up quietly and knocking over the snipe as they rose. But it is not difficult when you know how to do it, by keeping your balance on the same principle as the juggler who rides round the circus and performs his tricks from the horse's back. I was taught another rather unusual form of snipe-shooting by my old mentor at Chittagong. Near his elephant-sheds there were some large old tanks, about one hundred yards square, which had gradually silted up, and contained a mass of aquatic plants and weeds. The snipe used to resort to these tanks about the end of March, and it may be that they sometimes made their nests there. My friend had a long rope prepared, with bells at intervals, and also with short hand-lines for small boys to hold on to. Then the long rope was pulled across the tank by men on either side, whilst the small boys scrambled along over the mud and the lotuses and other plants, and the bells kept on ringing. The snipe, on being disturbed by the rope, flew towards the end of the tank, where the guns had taken their station, and so they met their fate. Those who escaped flew round and round for a while and eventually settled again on the weeds. Then the operation was reversed, and the rope and the bells and the boys were pulled back again, to the great annoyance of the snipe; but we thought it rather good sport to get them in this way when no other method was available. There is one source of regret connected with good Indian snipe-shooting. In India, when snipe are so abundant, so fat and so freshly killed, they are delicious on the table, and trail-toast is a dainty that can only be appreciated when it is perfectly fresh. In London, the snipe that are to be bought at the poulterers' shops are almost always more than a day old—



many of them, unhappily, are more than a week old — and they are very poor things in comparison with the Indian snipe. Of course I refer to snipe of one's own shooting. In the Calcutta market snipe are daily sold which have been caught in nets and strangled in the meshes. When such snipe are set before a man at dinner, he wishes that the fowler who caught them had been taken in his own nets. As the difference between shot and strangled snipe is not too well known to some people, the native dealers in the market hang up their strangled snipe on a string and fire at them with a small charge of snipe-shot, so that a credulous person on finding a shot in a snipe's body may be induced to believe that he is eating a shot snipe. Finally, it may be mentioned that the Indian snipe are said to be identical in plumage and in other respects with the common snipe of England. India has also its jack snipe, which are as hard to hit as their little English namesakes. The Indian painted snipe, which Mr. Simson says is not a snipe at all, is a bird of gayer plumage and of slower flight than the real snipe, so that it falls an easy prey to beginners in the art of shooting. I once shot a double-snipe near Serampore late in March, but never met another of them.

Some Indian readers will probably expect that I should mention quail amongst the small birds that a young sportsman can shoot. But I was most familiar with the damp and watery regions of lower Bengal, where quail were seldom found. I was taken out quail-shooting near Calcutta soon after my arrival in India, and the occasion was notable to me because it was the only time that I shot over a pointer in that country. My friend had an excellent English pointer, and the good dog did his best, but the quail were very scarce. My friend said that quail only came to Bengal once in three years, as there was a failure of the crops every third year in upper India, which drove the quail to Bengal. In those days we knew nothing of famines and scarcities and relief measures, but apparently a failure of the crops was then taken as a matter of course. Quail are abundant in the province of Behar, and regular supplies of live quails are now brought down in boxes by the railway to the Calcutta market. In Behar every prudent English resident keeps a quailery, as well as a tealery, on his premises, and a dish of fat quail is a very agreeable and wholesome change of diet when the weather is hot. Quails will not live in a quailery in the damp climate

of lower Bengal. But Providence has kindly sent some little birds that we used to call ortolans, to save the residents of Bengal from inanition in the very hottest of the hot weather. When the hot winds are blowing, the ortolans (the natives call them bugairies) sit in hundreds along the high ridges between the paddy-fields, and are said to fatten themselves on the dust that blows down their throats. Suddenly a native fowler sweeps his nets over them, and they are hurried off to the nearest railway station for despatch to the Calcutta market, where they are promptly bought up, and as promptly eaten by those residents of Calcutta who have a due regard for their health and digestion.

The grey partridge belongs to a drier country than lower Bengal, and the beautiful black partridges and chikore are chiefly to be found in the high reeds in jungles which must be beaten with elephants, so I will say no more about them. But in several parts of eastern Bengal we used to get jungle-fowl shooting, and the Chittagong Hills, which have recently been made known to the world by General Tregear's military expedition, were an almost inexhaustible preserve and breeding-place for them. The lower ranges of the Chittagong Hills were my favorite ground for jungle-fowl. Several small spurs of the hills stand out into the plain, well covered with trees and brushwood, and the little valleys between these spurs are cultivated with rice, so that there is plenty of cover and food for the birds. In the early morning, about the end of December, it was a pretty sight to watch the different broods of jungle-fowl scratching and pecking about among the ripening rice. Sometimes we used to take a pot-shot at them on the ground, but that was rather mean, and the more sportsmanlike method was just to frighten the birds quietly back into the bushes, and then go and beat them up and shoot them as they flew across from one little hill to another. A full grown jungle-cock, with the sun shining brightly upon his red feathers, flies at a pace that has deceived many a man, though the shot is not so difficult as a rocketing pheasant in a high wind. In other respects beating jungle-fowl out of these little hills was very like pheasant shooting, with the additional chance of a deer, or a jungle cat, or some scarce bird, such as a muthoora pheasant, a peacock, or a polyplectron, or even a woodcock turning up. There were two or three spots in the Chittagong Hills where, year after year, we were almost sure to find a brace

of woodcocks, and as we usually managed to kill the birds, there must have been some special local attraction, such as a spring of water, that brought new birds year after year to exactly the same spot. It is wonderful how migratory birds, flying at a great pace high in the air, can detect a favorable spot on the ground and suddenly alight on it.

I have rather wandered away from the small, common birds, which should be the subject of a young man's study almost as much as the wild birds. The mynahs that live in your garden are well worth watching, and when you are learning to skin birds, they are good subjects, as their skins are strong and do not tear. On the other hand, spare the pretty ring-doves which sit cooing on your walls until you are proficient in bird-skinning, for their skins are specially tender and liable to be torn. Moreover, if you shoot these pretty doves when they are paired and have a nest, you will come under the ban of the great Hindoo poet, who uttered a terrible curse against a hero who had wantonly killed a pair of doves. The mynahs are much like starlings in their habits, though not in their plumage and you will find that there are several kinds of mynahs of different coloring. A beautiful bird is the black mynah, who is as clever as a grey parrot at learning to talk and imitate sounds. The best ones come from the hills of Nepal, and you will find it a good investment to buy one and keep it in a cage and teach it whatever it will learn, in addition to which it will learn for itself some words and many sounds that you might wish untaught. The golden oriole, called the mango-bird in Bengal, is sometimes seen. It is becoming very scarce, for its beautiful feathers have a market value, and it is ruthlessly persecuted. I never allowed any one to shoot an oriole on my premises. On the other hand, we waged incessant war against the koel, or Indian cuckoo, which some people call the hot-weather bird. When the heat is becoming oppressive in the end of March, this wretched bird comes, and the natives say that he calls "Kutul pukka," *i.e.*, "The jack-fruit is ripe," as that popular but unpleasant fruit is then ripening. I never understood what the bird said, but he also uttered a series of piercing cries, the notes being higher and shriller as he went on indulging his fancy. One of my servants had charge of a gun, which he was authorized to use only against a koel. As soon as a koel began to scream from a tree near the house, my man went out and very soon

stopped the entertainment. At Hooghly and at Dacca we had occasionally large flights of green parrots, which were very mischievous to all kinds of fruit and grain crops, so that they had to be fired at and driven away whenever they appeared. On the other hand, the common water-wagtail, the black and white sort, was a very welcome bird, and it would have been sacrilege to shoot it. The water-wagtail brings in the cold weather. As soon as you see a water-wagtail running about you may be sure that the cold weather is nigh. And as long as he flits about your garden paths you may be tolerably confident that the cold weather is not altogether gone. There are yellow as well as black and white wagtails, and they are both of similar habits. The Hindoos regard the black and white one as a sacred bird, as it has the mark of the deity Vishnu on its head, but I am not learned in Hindoo mythology.

I have said on an earlier page that a gun should always be kept handy for the protection of the pet birds and creatures and for the collection of rare and strange specimens. I used also to keep a little rook-rifle by Holland within reach, and it was a weapon of wonderful precision, to the great annoyance of the crows and the magpies and jays, and some other crafty birds that fancied that they knew when they were safe from the range of a shot gun. I will conclude with a small story of the abuse as well as of the use of the rook-rifle. Some young friends from Calcutta were spending a holiday with me at my house at Hooghly. The house was built on the high bank of the river Hooghly, but in the course of years the river had changed its bed and there was a broad alluvial formation between the house and the river. This afforded an open space for practice with the rook-rifle, and targets of several sorts, chiefly empty bottles or earthen pots, were put out at fixed distances to be fired at. There was good grazing ground down to the river-side, and an old native lady had the privilege of grazing her small herd of cows and calves there. Unfortunately one of my young friends was challenged by another of them that he could not with the rifle hit a calf that was feeding close to the river, the distance being (as afterwards measured) almost two hundred yards. The rifle was fired and the calf was seen to fall. It is certain that the man who fired the shot had no expectation of hitting the calf. We were all astonished. The old lady in charge of her cattle, seeing the calf fall, went up to it and was utterly amazed, as

she had not heard the report of the rifle. Presently she looked all round and saw that we up at the house had been guilty of some mischief, and she began to yell lustily. A deputation of the offenders went down to appease her, and by the time they arrived at the dead calf the old lady had quite mastered the situation. She threw herself on the ground and invoked all her deities to attest that she was ruined, as the most precious calf in Bengal had been killed and she was undone. The calf may have been worth four or five shillings; when she found silver to the amount of twenty shillings placed in her hand her grief was rapidly cured. She embraced the principal offender's knees and called him her father and mother. She took the dead calf by the leg and threw it in the river. The deputation of young men returned to the house sadder and wiser, and under strict promise to shoot at no more calves.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE JUMOO GATE.

HAY hurries the party, Lilian in a daze of horror after the sudden sight of those ghastly upturned faces, away to his quarters. These officers' quarters had been built, for the sake of coolness, on the broad top of the outer battlement. They consisted of two small rooms, a bath-room, and a verandah which looked down on the enclosure below and on the city beyond. Hay hurriedly questions them about their escape; hurriedly arranges for their comfort, as best he may in that limited space and at that fiery time of the day; hurriedly orders refreshments for them. He himself has to hasten back. He orders his servants to attend to them. "You must take possession of my bedroom, too. There are only two chairs in this room, and it is hardly big enough to hold you all. Here, Roshun, tell the man to pull the punkah in the bedroom also," and then he hurries away. With what laughing interest would the two sisters have regarded this incursion into Hay's bedroom at any other time! With what eager interest would they have scanned its arrangements,

so characteristic of him, even here, in their careful neatness. But now Lilian, the quick-eyed, the observant, the chatterer, only seats herself on the side of the bed and buries her face in her hands. The thoughts of Beatrice, too, are more without than within, more with Hay than with his belongings; but one thing her eye has noted, the Bible placed on the little table at the head of the bed. She softly lifts the book up. It is in moments of danger, such as these, that people's hearts turn towards a higher protecting power. She opens it as she stands, and her eyes fall on the first words of the 57th Psalm:—

"Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me;

"For my soul taketh refuge in thee;

"Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I take refuge,

"Until these calamities be overpast."

In the next room, the outer one, Mrs. Fane has quietly seated herself on a box. And then her attention is engaged by the childish mother and her mother child. At that awful moment in the enclosure below, when Lilian had uncovered and laid bare the ghastly faces of the poor dead boys; when Hay had hurriedly told them of what had happened; when they had all turned their looks with fear and horror on the serried ranks of the sepoys, on the dark faces of the brethren of the men who had done this deed, Mrs. Lyster had plucked her daughter by the sleeve, and exclaimed, in tones of joyous eagerness, "Oh, how delightful it is to see the sepoys again. I have not seen them drawn up like this — for — for how many years, my dear?"

And now, when Hay's servant comes into this outer room and lays the table in order that he may supply these unexpected guests with such refreshments as he has on hand, the old lady says to her daughter, —

"I see, my dear, we have come to a luncheon party here. Do you know the last time I came to these quarters it was also to a party, but it was to an evening party. That mad fellow, Lucius Smith, who was in the *Khelat-i-Ghilzies* — his sister married Mr. Smith, "Cod's-head Smith" they used to call him of the Civil Service — funny, two Smiths — gave it when he was on duty here. We had iced champagne — he did not care what he spent. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we sat outside on the walls, in a bastion, where a carpet was spread and chairs and tables laid out, and sang songs. I had brought my guitar. Dear me! it seems a very long, long time ago. In

what year could it have been — when the Khelat-i-Ghilzies were here? Mr. Maxwell was the commissioner, and he had just got out a daughter who was at this party and who married Captain Torrens of that regiment — Captain Torrens who — But you are not listening, Mary."

Through how many weary hours of how many weary days of how many weary years had those words fallen on Mary Lyster's ears! "But you are not listening, Mary!" In how many varied tones of querulousness! With what weary iteration! How had they been as regular a part of each day as the morning, the noon, and the night!

"Oh, yes, mother, I am," says the daughter quickly.

"Captain Torrens, who —" and then Mary Lyster is carried away from the living present into the dead past, as she has been every day for so many years — back into the company of those long dead persons with whom she has had to live.

Mrs. Fane, having the mystery of Miss Lyster's life thus laid bare before her — how the story of a lifetime may be summed up in a few words, perhaps in a single one! — is carried out of herself by reflecting upon it. The old life has eaten the young life up. Everything that lives lives by devouring something else. But here the thing devoured was so costly — the bloom and beauty of a young life. Had a broken and unfulfilled unmarried life been the lot of Miss Lyster, as it is of so many women, had the chance of love and marriage never come to her, the sacrifice would not have been so great; but Mrs. Fane knew that they had, that she might have made her life full and complete, but she had voluntarily foregone the full knowledge and enjoyment of it; she might have filled the cup of her life to the brim, but she had chosen rather to pour it on the altar of filial piety. Mrs. Fane wonders as much as she admires. She herself could not have done this. To lay down her life, if needed, once for all, that she could have done, but not thus to give it up piecemeal, bit by bit. There would have been no questioning on her part of the justice or injustice of the thing, whether it was right and fair that the young life should be sacrificed to the old one, whether the happiness of two lives should be sacrificed for that of one; she simply could not have done it, it was not in her temperament.

Now they sit down to the table to partake of the refreshments Hay's servant has prepared for them. And if they find it

difficult to eat because of what they have seen, because of the position they are in, they force themselves to eat in order that they may forget them. And Mrs. Lyster's substitution of the past for the present is at this moment a great boon, a source of comfort and not of annoyance. Nor is all her tale mere foolish babblement. The distress to her daughter lay in the constant repetition, the incessant flow. Her mind was stronger at some times than at others. She and Mrs. Fane knew a great many of the same places and the same people, and have a great deal to talk about. And if Mrs. Lyster's garrulousness displays itself even now, if the mention of every fresh name is like the opening of a sluice, like the striking of the rock by Moses, it helps to pass away the time, so that when they rise from the table it is after two o'clock. And now they are left by themselves again, and there is no sound but the creaking of the punkah within and the moaning of the fiery blast without, and Mrs. Lyster's talk, until the old lady, leaning up against her daughter, falls asleep in the middle of a sentence. The daughter tenderly supports her, and looks down on her as if she were a little child. It is a touching sight. And so the moments pass by, as they do whether they be joy-laden or sorrow-fraught.

Colonel Grey had been sent down to the Jumoo Gate with three companies of his men, the Grenadiers, and a couple of guns. He had found that the 66th had mutinied, and marched off to the city. He could do nothing more than hold the gateway, all he had orders to do. He had sent information of what had happened to the brigadier. The bodies of the dead officers had been brought in from the road where they fell. Then came a period of waiting. And now in the wide enclosure of the Jumoo Gate are drawn up the men of the 76th who form the guard there, the company of the 66th, the three companies of the Grenadiers, and four guns, 6-pounders. Most of the officers sitting or standing still there, in the midst of the terrible heat, had fallen into a sort of dreamy unconsciousness, when they were aroused from it by the rattle of musketry. It comes from the city. What can it mean? Can it be the English troops from Abdoolapore? Colonel Grey sends a man out to discover. He returns to report that the mutineers are attacking the arsenal. There is plenty of excitement now — among the Englishmen of one kind, among the natives of another.

Mrs. Fane has fallen to thinking of her



husband. Of course he will have to remain on in the arsenal. What is likely to happen there? The wind is moaning and sighing round the little building with a measured rise and fall. The distant rattle of musketry — what can it be? The English troops from Abdoolapore? Every one's thoughts ran in that direction. But surely that firing is near — within the town itself; no, it is far away, without it; no, it is near; and then, listening attentively, Mrs. Fane becomes convinced that it is stationary, and near, within the town, its apparent difference in position and varying intensity due to the rise and fall of the wind which is blowing toward it. Then as she listens a thought arises within her to which the sound of the firing of heavy guns seems to her to lend undoubted confirmation. She rises from her chair and goes out into the verandah — careless of the frightful heat there. Yes; it is even as she thought. The firing is at the arsenal, she knows the position of it well. She hurries back into the room and going up to the door of the bedroom whither the girls have retired again, she calls out to them, "They are attacking the magazine." And the burning pavement beneath their feet, and the fiery, blinding, blistering sunlight, and the hot wind are forgotten as mother and daughters stand with their eyes fixed on the spot where the husband and father is defending his post, and is at this moment, at this next moment, now, in deadly peril of his life.

Hay comes hurrying up to give them the information, but sees that they know it, and he stands there for a short time with his eyes, too, fixed on the spot from which the heavy clouds of smoke are drifting away, and where the rapid firing of the heavy guns, even more than the continued rattle of the musketry, tells how hot the fight is; and then he has to hurry down again. And the mother and daughters continue to gaze at those clouds of smoke, to listen to the terrible music of war, with fearful, absorbed, fixed attention. And then they feel a sudden shock, and the air is rent with a terrible noise, and the tall wall trembles under them. A sudden, deep, appalling silence succeeds. And now in the place of the drifting, dun-colored clouds stands one tall, black, solid column of smoke. "The magazine has blown up!" says Mrs. Fane, in a strange, set voice, as if when standing on a rock and looking at the vessel which carries all you love struggling amid the seething waves, she suddenly disappears and you exclaim, "She has sunk — the vessel has sunk!"

and then in a high voice, in which sorrow and exultation are strangely blended, she calls out, "He has blown it up himself. Your father has blown up the magazine to prevent it from being taken. I know it."

The two girls gaze at that black monumental column with an overpowering sensation of awe, which leaves no room for any other feeling; regret and sorrow and pride must come hereafter. Then Mrs. Fane can bear the sight no longer, and turns round and rushes into the house and into the inner room, and her daughters follow her. And in the enclosure below the sound of the explosion has caused a great commotion among the white-faced officers and their dark-faced men. The sepoy of the 66th break their ranks and huddle into a crowd, and it is only by pointing to the guns that the English officers can get their words of command obeyed; and when some men who have been near the magazine are admitted into the enclosure and make the exaggerated statement that the whole of their regiment has been blown away by the explosion, the men of this remaining company openly curse those who have thus destroyed their brethren. Many European fugitives — men, women, and children — are now gathered together in the enclosure. The arrival of each party is the source of fresh excitement, for many have terrible tales to tell. Parents arrive without their children, children without their parents. Women rush in panting, breathless, mad with terror, covered with dust, with torn clothing and dishevelled hair, wounded and bleeding. Dying people are brought in and laid down to die. The work of murder and plunder is now very active in the English quarter. Then an order comes from the brigadier to send back two of the guns to the cantonment, and they are despatched; and then they come back again, without the English officer; they had met a party of the nuwáb's troops, who had treacherously shot him, and then the native artillerymen had retreated with the guns. And so the time passes by.

The sun is now far down on his declining course, and the wind which has risen with his rise is now falling with his fall. The western battlement is beginning to cast a broad shadow upon the level enclosure. And now comes an order from the brigadier that Colonel Grey is to join him on the ridge with all the troops and guns now at the gateway here. Colonel Grey does not like this; he does not like to withdraw from the Jumoo Gate; he knows that it means the abandonment of the city.



But the order is peremptory; the officer who brings it informs Grey that the brigadier is apprehensive for the safety of the crowd of English women and children whose charge has weighed upon him so heavily all that day, as the sepoy with him have begun to show an open spirit of disaffection. Grey prepares, therefore, to march up to the ridge at once. He has, of course, to take all the English folk with him. As many of the English women and children, and wounded Englishmen, as can be accommodated that way are to be taken on the gun-carriages. Hay hurries up and brings down the party from his quarters. Colonel Grey's own Grenadiers being nearest the outer, or cantonment-ward gateway, he marches them out first. They have got through the gateway and across the drawbridge and a little way beyond it. The men of the 66th are to follow. But these seize and close the gates. And then a scene of indescribable confusion ensues within the enclosure. The sepoys there fire at their officers, rush on the guns. The guns are not ready for action; they have been limbered up preparatory to moving away; the artillerymen are taken unawares; the two English officers in charge of the guns are both shot down; they had not been prepared for such an attack, had just given the order to march. And now the men of the 76th, Hay's men, join with those of the 66th who have executed this clever stroke, and the sepoys are masters of the gateway, and through the enclosure rings the cry of "Slay the Feringhees! Slay the Feringhees!"

When they had descended from the officers' quarters Mrs. Lyster and her daughter and Mrs. Fane and Beatrice had been placed together on two gun-carriages, while Captain Tucker, who was arranging for the conveyance of the women from the place, had conducted Lilian to a third one, and placed her in one of its seats. The seat on the other side was occupied by a wounded commissariat sergeant. As Mrs. Fane takes her seat by the side of the gun her heavy burden of sorrow for the loss of her husband is lightened for the moment by the thought that her daughters are about to pass out of the horrid doomed circuit of the city walls. Then comes the sudden, confusing, dazing horror and surprise of this most unexpected outbreak of the sepoys. Their ears are filled with dreadful cries, their eyes see terrible sights. And then those four find themselves standing together again, they know not how — it seems as if they had come

through some confused dream of horror, some horrible nightmare — in the open space at the foot of the ramp leading up to the officers' quarters which they have just descended. This corner of the enclosure is quite empty; the sepoys have all compacted themselves into the space between the two gateways on the opposite side. There the sepoys have thrown themselves upon the guns from which the ladies have just rushed away; there they are busy slaying the English "dogs." They all find themselves standing together again, William Hay as well as Mrs. Lyster and her daughter, and Mrs. Fane and Beatrice. The excellence of Hay's character had now stood him in good stead; he had always been just and kindly in his dealings with his men, never harsh, or cruel, or unjust, and now they had refrained from hurting him. But where is Lilian? They look with eager, fearful eyes towards the seething crowd from which come forth shrieks of agony and fear, shouts of hellish triumph, and Hay is just about to rush toward it to seek for her, when Lilian's slight, childish figure emerges from the edge of the mass of men, and she rushes towards them with her garments streaming far behind her.

She has gone through the most here. When the sepoys of the 66th had rushed at the gun on which she was seated, one of them had raised his musket and put its muzzle to her temple preparatory to shooting her through the head; actually applied it to her temple — to the saving of her life; for the fearful touch of it sent her tumbling headlong off the seat, and she being now out of the way, the sepoy fired the bullet intended for her through the head of the poor wounded sergeant beyond. She had then scrambled up and rushed forward, and been thrown down again, either by a blow or a collision, and trampled upon — she the slender, delicate girl. She had jumped up again, half choked and blinded by the dust which was now rising thick under the scuffling feet. She had darted forward straight before her, and given a joyful cry when she saw Captain Tucker close in front of her, saw him looming high above the crowd; he was a very tall, thin man, and rode a very lean, tall horse — the combination was one of the jokes of the station. Lilian has often ridden by his side, as she has often danced with him, knows him very well. She was making her way toward him, when a sudden swaying of the crowd had opened out a clear space between them; she had been about to shout to him to attract his attention —

she was behind the horse, the rider had his back to her — about to rush forward across the open space and get to his stirrup, when Captain Tucker threw up his arms and fell from the saddle, rolled along the ground right up to her feet, and stretched himself out there dead. She leaped mechanically over the body and rushed forward again. Then she saw her mother and sister, and Hay rushing forward had met her.

The white dresses of the ladies catch the eye, so they are soon joined by some other English people, among whom is Dr. Brodie, Lilian Fane's aged lover.

"Up to my quarters again," cries Hay. "We must get on to the wall. It is our only chance."

They begin to move up the ramp, to run up it as fast as they can. The movement is observed. The sepoy send a volley after them, and many fall never to rise again. Hay falls, but he jumps up so quickly that Beatrice, by whose side he is running, thinks that he has only stumbled. But when they have reached the front of the little house and stopped she sees how pale he is, observes a curious look on his face, the look that is on the face of every man the first time he is wounded, and exclaims, "What is the matter, William?"

"I am hit."

"Hit?"

"Yes; in the arm," and as he lifts his left arm, she sees the blood come trickling from under the sleeve of his jacket and across the back of his hand.

"Oh, William! Wounded! Oh, William! Oh!" cries Beatrice distractedly, wringing her hands. "Oh, mother!"

"What is it, Beatrice?" cries Mrs. Fane anxiously, as she comes hurrying up. "You are not hurt?"

"No — no — but William. He is wounded."

"Dr. Brodie, come here! Mr. Hay is wounded," says Mrs. Fane, her usual commanding mode of speech rendered more abrupt by her distressed condition of mind.

"Are ye hurt, mon? Where are ye hurt, mon? Come, tell us quick. The sepoys will be after us soon," cries old Brodie hurriedly.

"The left arm," says Hay faintly, because he has not yet recovered from the shock of the blow, and also because he has a fear that he may lose his arm; a gunshot wound is apt to be staggering, especially the first time.

Brodie hastily removes the uniform jacket, and rolling up the bloody shirt-

sleeve, at sight of which Beatrice shudders, looks at the wound.

"A bad, a vera bad wound. But the bone is not broken. That is vera fortunate. We could na have stayed here setting a bone, when the sepoys may be up here any minute."

That speech arouses Hay, and makes him forget his hurt.

"Yes — we must not remain here — never mind me," he says.

"Some water — quick!" cries old Brodie aloud, and then as it were to himself, "It will na be vera long before the sepoys are up here."

Beatrice flies into the room and comes back with a water-vessel.

"Give me his handkerchief out of his pocket. I will apply a tourniquet."

Beatrice gazed with deep sorrow and pity at Hay's face, sees from the expression of it what terrible pain he is suffering — it is curious how the face will display the emotions, even against the will — but still he keeps saying, "Quick, Brodie, quick — we must not remain here any longer."

It is obvious that they are under observation of the sepoys below, for bullets continually strike the face of the building or go ping-pong over their heads; and now they hear a curious singing noise among them, and a round shot strikes one of the pillars of the verandah with a terrible crash. They rush away from the house along the wall until they come to a large circular bastion, the same in which Mrs. Lyster had twanged her guitar on a moonlight night so many years before, and which she is now revisiting under such very different circumstances. Within the ample round of this they are withdrawn from the observation of the sepoys below and stop to hold a hurried consultation. They can run along the top of the wall, but if they are pursued they must be taken. And then they will be within the city still.

"That is our only way of escape," cries a young officer who has joined them, pointing down the wall. "And I will jump over sooner than let those mutinous scoundrels kill me."

"It is certain death," says Hay, looking down the giddy height. "If we only had a rope. Why should we not get a rope — make a rope? I have some long pugarees and cummerbunds — there are the punkah ropes."

"We have na time for a' that," cries old Brodie impatiently. "The sepoys —"

But Hay has rushed to his quarters, and

soon comes rushing back. The punkah ropes are long; they and the cummerbunds and pugarees are soon knotted together. The improvised rope reaches well to the foot of the wall. But now arises a curious question. Who is to be let down first? It is a dubious privilege, for the person let down first would put the power of the knots to hold, of the rope to bear, to the test. If it gives way high up the fall will mean certain death, an immediate or a lingering death. It is a strange dilemma. It was not magnanimous, in the momentary expectation of the arrival of the sepoys, to wish to be the first to leave the place, and yet it was magnanimous to wish to be the first to test the rope.

Dr. Brodie was old and rich, and I do not think he cared to be the first to put the capability of the rope to trial; in fact his thought was that Mrs. Lyster should be put to use for the purpose. The young officer—his name was Hamilton—was ready enough to go down first; "But I should not be able to come up again," he says. He was stout and heavy. All the men were wanted above in order to lower the ladies, who could not slip down the rope as the men could. They would have to be slung on to it. The mothers would have liked their daughters, the daughters their mothers, to be the first out of the place, but they did not wish them to be the first to make trial of the rope. Miss Lyster would have been ready enough to make the experiment, but she is haunted by the thought that her mother may refuse to descend at all; how terrible it would be for her to be at the foot of the wall unable to reascend, while her mother was at the top refusing to descend! No one likes to propose anything with regard to any one else. Hay had a difficulty similar to that of Hamilton. "I used to be a good hand at this sort of thing, but I am afraid that I may not be able to come up again with this wounded arm."

"Let me down first," says Beatrice. "I am the heaviest"—meaning of the women—"and if the rope bears me it will bear any one else."

"No, no," cries Hay. "I used to be very good at going up or down a rope; my arm shall not prevent me from coming up again."

I would again remind the reader how much faster thoughts flow through the mind and words out of the mouth than they can be written or read. Hay has slipped over the edge of the wall—Beatrice turning her face away from the giddy height

with a shudder—and then down the rope, and comes very quickly up the latter again, putting his feet against the wall, but his arm has given him terrible pain in doing so. "It is all right," he says. "And now we will send Lillian down first. There is no time to be lost." Lillian is lowered safely, and then Beatrice, and then Mrs. Fane. Now comes Mrs. Lyster's turn, and her daughter's heart stands still. An immovable obstinacy is part of the old lady's disease; arguments only serve to weld her determination. If she says she will not descend the wall, nothing will make her; if they speak harshly to her it may throw her into a fit. Great is the power of infirmity. What fancy may not enter into her poor, weak brain at this moment. Luckily it is one that makes her ready and eager to be lowered. As they are putting the rope under her arms she laughs. "This is very amusing," she says. "You remember that song, Mary, 'When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes,'" and they launch her into the air. Then the men slip down, Hay coming down last. How the hearts of the women beat with joy as they find themselves standing safe and sound at the foot of the wall; beat with a double joy at the thought of having got out of the city, and of having got safely down the wall! The being launched into the air at that giddy height, the being lowered down with the thought that the rope might give way any moment, had not been a pleasant experience. They shudder as they gaze up at the height of the wall, as they had shuddered when they had looked down it. They are out of the city; delightful and wonderful fact! They are not yet out of danger, they are within easy shot of any one on the top of the wall. But they have only the ditch to get across, and then the open land lies before them. They have soon slid down the escarp, the inner slope of the moat; they have soon run across the dry bottom; they have soon reached the foot of the outer slope, the counterscarp, and have only to get up it. They find they cannot manage this, try as hard as they may; and they try very hard, for the sepoys may at any moment appear on the top of the wall and fire down on them.

As already noted, the sides of the ditch had a very steep incline, and the fierce sunshine has baked them dry, and it and the fiery gales have reduced the herbage on the slope to a short, dry stubble, which makes it very slippery. They can maintain no foothold on it, there is no softness in it, nothing to catch or grasp. They go

up a little way and then slip down again. The men make furious rushes at it; they get a long way up; they get almost to the top; and then they come down again. Here was a most unexpected, a most maddening stoppage. And the sepoys may appear on the top of the wall, in the bastion, at any moment. Of those of the party who survived to look back on the events of this day there were many who thought the worst moments during it had been those in which they had tried ineffectually to climb the side of the ditch. But now Hay makes a desperate rush at the slope and manages to get almost to the top, then throwing himself forward, he gets his hand on the hard edge, and sustains himself, and then draws himself up. The improvised rope has of course been left dangling from the wall. But he lets down his sash, and Hamilton has dug a foothold in the declivity as high as he can reach with the point of his sword; and so, what between pushing and pulling — how they would have laughed at any other time! but it was no laughing matter now, when they expected that at any moment a shot from the wall might lay them dead or wounded in the bottom of the ditch — the ladies are got up the slope at last, and they hurry away from the horrid declivity as fast as they can. The sun has sunk, but the air is still full of the bright afterglow.

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From Murray's Magazine.

#### THE SEAL ISLANDS OF BERING'S SEA.

OF the difficulties which have lately presented themselves for solution with regard to two little-visited regions of the North American continent, that connected with what is usually — if unscientifically — termed the seal-fisheries is certainly not the least important. We are at issue, as all the world knows, upon the question whether Bering's Sea is, or is not, to be a *mare clausum*, and all of us have become more or less interested in the subject. Many, whose geographical knowledge of that region is not of the soundest, have doubtless taken down their atlases and, after due consultation, closed them without finding themselves greatly enlightened, wondering still why America, whose present authority over the seal islands is unquestioned, should be so persistent in her endeavors to exclude all strangers not only from their immediate, but even from their remote vicinity.

We must turn to the science of zoology for an explanation. Of the value of seal-skin as a fur none of us need to be informed; but the life-history of the animal which provides us with it is not so generally known. Some of us — dare I say some even of the sex most often decked with it? — are perhaps hardly aware that the common seal of our own shores is in this respect valueless. In lieu of the soft down of the fur-seal, this creature is provided with a coat of coarse, stiff hair which would be utterly inapplicable to purposes of clothing. We may therefore roughly divide the seals into two groups — those without and those with fur. The former are known as hair seals, the latter as the eared or fur seals, and it is with these latter that we have now to do.

The geographical distribution of the various species of fur-seal is at the present time of great interest. Long years ago these creatures inhabited the South Pacific and South Atlantic in great numbers. The Falklands, indeed, and other islands off the coast of Patagonia swarmed with them. Anthony Pigafetta, the doughty comrade of Magellan in his celebrated voyage, frequently mentions in his journals the abundance of the *lupi marini*, and various rocks and islands were given the name of "Recife de lobos" and "Yslas de lobos marinos" by the great navigator. But all this is now ancient history. Here and there, perhaps, a skin or two is secured by whalers or others cruising in the southern oceans and brought to Cape Town or some port in Chile. For all practical purposes, however, these localities may be regarded as non-existent, and their inhabitants as extinct. Nine-tenths, if not more, of the sealskins which come into the European market are from the islands of Bering's Sea. Were they only necessities of life the Americans, it must be confessed, could make a very pretty "corner" in them. The operation would be greatly facilitated by the animals themselves, which, instead of being generally distributed over a large area, are confined not only to certain islands, but to certain circumscribed spots upon them.

Omitting Robben Island — a small reef off Saghalin from which a few skins only are obtained — the Seal Islands consist of two groups, the Komandorskis and the Prybilovs. The former — Bering and Copper Islands — are the westernmost links of the lonely Aleutian chain, and, though rented by the Americans, belong to Russia. The Prybilovs — St. Paul, St. George, and Otter Islands — lie well

within Bering's Sea, and are the most valuable, being capable of exporting in good seasons as many as one hundred thousand pelts. These five islands then are the sole breeding-grounds of the North Pacific eared seal (*Callorhinus ursinus*). At various other places stray individuals may doubtless be found, but they are nowhere very numerous. Why so restricted a ground should be chosen it is difficult to explain. There are without doubt other localities where the conditions are identical, but habit, we know, has as much influence over the lower animals as ourselves, and hence it happens that the fur-seal year after year visits the island to which it is accustomed, never moving to fresh ground, and only very rarely to the other islands frequented by its kind.

Into the dreary wastes of Bering's Sea few vessels penetrate; few at least which are not concerned in the chase of the walrus, seal, or whale. Spring and autumn bring with them terrific gales, and in summer dense sea-fogs wrap everything in an impenetrable veil. The coast of the mainland is sometimes clear, enabling the mariner to determine his position; but this is rarely the case with the islands, and here the sense of hearing has to be called into play to avoid disaster. It is not for the surf, however, that the sailor listens, but for the sound of the seals on the "rookeries" — a dull, hoarse roar which in still weather is audible for some miles.

Notwithstanding difficulties of navigation, to say nothing of the risks of seizure by an American cruiser, a certain number of schooners, usually of small tonnage, fit out annually for these seas. Some are from the ports on the eastern shores of the Pacific, but others come from Japan. Most of them, it would be safe to say, sail under the British flag. Nominally they are in search of walrus, or perhaps the skins of the sea-otter, but in reality nine-tenths of them are seal poachers, hanging about so as to run close in to the islands during a fog, or even landing a crew on the rookery if the weather is especially favorable. But this latter is a risky proceeding. Each rookery is excellently guarded, and detection of the offenders is followed by a shower of Winchester bullets. No questions are asked. The poachers know well enough what to expect if they are unfortunate enough to be discovered, and they take their chance. While at Petropaulovsky in Kamschatka in the year 1882, I learnt that the crew of a schooner had suffered considerably in an encounter of this kind a short time

previous to my arrival. Two men had been killed and eight wounded. One of the latter was landed at Petropaulovsky with no less than thirteen bullet-wounds, from which he nevertheless managed in some miraculous manner to recover. To compensate for these risks, and for the chances of the loss of their vessel — an occurrence by no means infrequent — it is evident that the owners of these craft must calculate upon obtaining a heavy return upon their outlay.

Before considering the poaching question, however, a knowledge of the history and habits of the creature is necessary. Zoology furnishes us with few objects for study so strange and so full of interest. We have in the fur-seal an animal which spends one half of the year entirely in the water, and the other half almost entirely on land; which herds together in closely packed crowds of innumerable individuals in a manner unknown in the case of any other mammal; and, finally, which exhibits in its mode of life an organization and method almost as wonderful as that of the ant.

Mr. H. W. Elliott, in his "Report on the Prybilov Group, or Seal Islands of Alaska," published in 1873, was the first to place a full and trustworthy account of the habits of this seal before the scientific world. The animal had been known for years. So far back as the end of the last century the Russian-American Fur Company had settlements upon the Aleutian islands and obtained numbers of its skins from the natives, but it was some time before the Prybilovskis were discovered by the sailor whose name they bear. Even at the time of his landing — in 1786 — traces of former visitors were found. Long before, in 1741, the great navigator Bering, his crew decimated by scurvy and he himself dying from the same disease, reached the Komandorskis, the other group appropriated as a breeding-ground. But it was winter, and though the naturalist Steller, who accompanied him, made his notes of the huge Rhytina, or sea-cow, now extinct, which formed their food, and shot numerous sea-otters, he must have been brought very little, if at all, in contact with the sea-cat, as *Callorhinus* is termed by the natives.

The islands once discovered, it was not likely that their existence would become forgotten. Before very long the Prybilovskis were colonized by a small party of natives in the service of the Russian Company. The Bering group remained far longer without inhabitants, but in each,



almost from the outset a system of indiscriminate slaughter was instituted. Animals of both sexes and all ages were killed. We learn from Bishop Innocent Veniaminov that more than a hundred thousand skins were thus taken annually upon the islands of St. Paul and St. George. The pelts had accumulated to such an extent in 1803, that no less than eight hundred thousand were lying in the stores, and of these—so badly were they cured and taken care of—seven hundred thousand had to be thrown away. For a long time this waste of life continued without much apparent effect upon the numbers of those that yearly filled the rookeries. Then steadily and rapidly, the diminution became evident. In 1817 the "take" from the two islands had fallen to sixty thousand, and three years later to fifty thousand. In 1825 we find a return of only thirty thousand one hundred; in 1829 it had sunk to twenty thousand eight hundred and eleven; and finally, in 1835—the date at which the "take" appears to have reached its lowest ebb—six thousand five hundred and eighty skins were obtained.

With the exception of these statistics of Veniaminov, none, or none that I am aware of, exist of the period previous to the American occupation of Alaska. For the two or three years preceding this event a reign of anarchy, or something approaching it, prevailed, and the seals ran a nearer risk of extinction than any that had previously threatened them. This danger luckily passed over, and in 1870 a lease was granted to the Alaska Commercial Company, under whose direction the numbers of the animals were quickly raised, until the rookeries were once more restored to the condition in which they were found by the discoverers of the islands. The fur-seal, indeed, under the present system of management, can hardly be looked upon as other than a domestic animal and the island upon which it breeds as a stock-farm on a large scale.

It has never been my good fortune to see the rookeries of the Prybilov Islands, which have been so admirably described by Mr. Elliott, but in the course of the cruise of the yacht *Marchesa* to Kamschatka in 1882, I visited those of the Komandorskis, landing in Bering Island in mid-September. The little settlement of Nikolsky off which we anchored, though barren and dreary-looking to a degree, bore evidences of a rather more advanced state of civilization than I had expected. With the Americans have

come schools for the children, and neat wooden houses in place of the turf-built cabins formerly constructed by the Aleuts. All the timber needed for this or for any other purpose has to be brought from Kamschatka, for the islands are utterly destitute of trees, and here, as in Greenland and other regions of the far North, the boats, whether large or small, have to be constructed of skins.

The rookeries, of which there are two, are far from the settlement, and are reached by dog-sledge both in winter and summer, the level waste of the dreary *tundras* affording nearly as good a road in the latter season as the surface of the snow. Mr. Elliott describes the Prybilovskis as volcanic, but no evidences of a like origin struck me while crossing Bering Island. The land, desolate and barren beyond words, presented itself as a series of marshy terraces, upheaved by discontinuous elevation from the sea-level. Mile after mile of this monotonous and lonely scenery is passed—rendered yet more weird by the gloomy skies characteristic of the region—before the little huts of the Cossacks and Aleuts who form the armed guard of the rookery appear in sight. Then the traveller gets out of his sledge and in another minute finds himself looking at one of the most astonishing sights that the world affords.

Before him, along the seashore, extending, as it seems, for an interminable distance, lies a densely packed and ceaselessly moving crowd of animals, reminding him of some vast collection of human beings. The constant heaving motion which passes in waves over its surface recalls unpleasantly the appearance of a piece of carrion when swarming with maggots, and a dull, hoarse roar, whose evenly blended volume of sound is from time to time broken by the louder bellow of some old bull or the high-pitched *ba-a* of a pup hard by, greets the ear from tens of thousands of throats. Ceaseless activity is the leading feature of the scene. Closely packed as are the multitudes of creatures, the mass of life is intersected here and there by paths where numbers of the "bachelors" are passing to and from the sea. In all directions are to be noticed the bulls, each guarding his harem of wives in a space the size of a small room. The small black pups are sleeping by the side of their mothers, or joyously diving and plunging with their fellows in the surf. The variety and oddity of the attitudes assumed astonishes and amuses the spectator. Here is a pup

curled up head to tail, like a dog; there another slowly fanning itself with its hind flipper. Others carry the flippers curled over the back like a tail, and in some again the head is thrown up in the oddest conceivable manner, as if their attention was solely concentrated upon a careful examination of the heavens. Such is a rookery—a swarm of perhaps a couple of hundred thousand restless animals, fighting, playing, scratching, fanning, bathing, and making love, and all to the accompaniment of a continuous concert of nearly as many voices, which can be compared to nothing so fitly as the noise which greets the ear at “the finish” on the Derby day.

The spectator, confused by the strangeness and interest of the sight, may remain for some little time without discovering that there is any definite arrangement in the apparent disorder before him. Such definite arrangement, however, exists, as might be expected, for most large communities in the animal world are ruled by some system. In this case it is based upon the curious fact that the young male seals are not permitted by their elders to enter the breeding-grounds until they are five years old, although they are actually adult before that time. The rookery is thus divided into districts with sharply defined boundaries. Most important of all is that set apart as the breeding-ground, the locality chosen being nearest the sea, and of such a nature as best suits the animals' taste. Flat, low-lying rocks and coarse beach seem to constitute the favorite ground, while sand is eschewed, according to the sealers, from its tendency to irritate the eyes. In close proximity to this ground, either at the sides or at the back, the *holluschicki* or bachelors establish themselves, in company with the young females of one and two years old. The seals of each district confine themselves to its limits. The bulls on the breeding-ground never wander from their posts, and the cows and pups only move to and from the sea. Should any daring *holluschack* venture into the “married quarters” he would probably not come out alive, although, as I have already stated, permission to pass through by certain paths is always afforded him in the case where the *holluschicki* ground is in rear. In addition to these two grounds there is usually another—a species of hospital which serves as a temporary refuge for the sick, or for the many who have been injured by fighting and other causes.

The foregoing rough sketch of the aspect and plan of a seal-rookery is neces-

sary for the proper comprehension of the method by which it is peopled. Throughout the long and dreary winter the islands have either been frozen in completely, or at least surrounded with heavy ice-pack. The shores are deserted. Of the tens—nay, hundreds of thousands of seals that swarmed there in the summer, not one is to be seen. All have gone south, and, threading the dangerous barrier of the Aleutian Islands, where their enemy, man, is forever on the watch for them should they be rash enough to “haul up,” have reached the warmer waters of the Pacific. But with the end of April comes a change. The rise of temperature, slight as it is, has not been without its effect upon the ice. Round the shores of the islands it has loosened. A week more, perhaps, and it has left them free.

We may now look for the first seal. Winter, it is true, has not yet given place to summer, and the snow has not changed to fog, but the animal is not one to be daunted by cold. The bulls are the first to make their appearance, the old and strong generally preceding their younger brethren, and these pioneers often remain for some time without addition to their numbers. But with the advent of the fogs the rest land in thousands, and at the end of May in the Prybilovskis, and perhaps a few days earlier in the Bering group, all—to use the technical term always employed—have “hailed up.”

It must not be supposed that all this has taken place either rapidly or quietly. Far from this being the case, the rookery has from the very first been the scene of ceaseless fighting—of fighting so fierce as frequently to result in the death of the combatants. The bull-seal on first landing is like a gold miner on a new reef, and instantly busies himself in marking out the best “claim” that offers. He establishes himself upon a small area of ground a few feet square, as near the sea as he can, and defends it against the attacks of his brethren who are either unprovided with a similar holding, or who prefer his selection to their own. Day after day this fighting continues, until at length, perhaps—worn out with these oft-repeated struggles—the creature has to yield his place to some fresh antagonist.

Upon this “might is right” principle the rookery is soon definitely parcelled out, but as yet no cows have appeared upon the scene. Their advent is delayed three weeks or more beyond that of their lords and masters, and it is probably mid-June before the tide of immigration has in

their case reached its height. Their arrival is the signal for a renewal of the fighting. As each cow "hauls up" she is at once seized and appropriated by the nearest bull, who, after depositing her within his holding, turns his attention to the securing of the next arrival. Mere annexation does not necessarily mean possession, however, and a dozen or more pitched battles may be fought over some coveted fair one, until — appropriated time after time by some third party — she eventually finds herself far from her first owner. During these struggles the cows are sometimes seized by each of the combatants, and tugged so violently in opposite directions that the skin is torn in strips from their backs and limbs.

In due course of time these difficulties become adjusted, the cows have all landed, and peace once more reigns in the rookery. If the breeding-ground be now examined it is at once evident why the bulls have striven to obtain the posts adjacent to the sea. Here those that have been fortunate enough or strong enough to hold their own are now seen lording it over a harem abundant in wives, while at the back and outskirts of the ground those who are weaker or younger are but ill-provided. It is doubtful whether any more preposterous polygamist exists than the fur-seal. Mr. Elliott records an instance where one powerful old bull, scarred and gashed, and with one eye gouged out, watched jealously over no less than forty-five wives. This, of course, is exceptional. From twelve to twenty appears to be a good average for the best places, while on the remote holdings the juniors are lucky enough if they obtain one or two.

Almost immediately after her arrival the cow gives birth to a single young one — the "pup" as it is termed. It is a singular fact that the period of gestation should be so prolonged in a creature which is of such small size, and attains maturity so quickly, but it is certain, both from the above and other facts, that it is as nearly as possible a year in duration. The pup is born with the eyes open, and is soon active enough — two points much in its favor in the midst of the crowded rookery and the ceaseless fighting around it. The mother is by no means devoted, leaving it to shift very much for itself. As far as can be made out, it is most curiously indifferent to food, those in charge of the rookery assuring me that it often went a day or more without suckling. If it be a male, this abstinence, as will presently be seen,

serves him as a useful training for his future life.

Crowded as the rookery has been from the beginning, the birth of the pups has nearly doubled its population, and the scene is busier than ever. From a tolerably early period, when the cows have all ceased "hauling up," and the fighting has stopped, and when there can no longer be any doubt as to ownership, the bulls have permitted the members of their harem to go down to the sea to swim and feed. No such relaxation, unhappily for him, is possible for the head of the family. Should he leave his little holding to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he would find his household hearth cold upon his return. So long as he sticks to his post his neighbors will respect his presence and let his wives alone, but desertion, if only for a short time, leaves his home in the position of an empty claim, which — to pursue the mining simile — may be "jumped" by the first comer. And so, from the middle of May, or at latest from the beginning of June, until mid-August — a period of some twelve or thirteen weeks — the matrimonial responsibilities of the bull seal entail not only imprisonment within the limits of a few square feet of ground, but a fast so absolute and protracted as to put the efforts of the toughest Indian fakir to the blush. As may be imagined, this prolonged period of starvation is not without its effect upon the unhappy animal. Weak and emaciated, its body scarred with wounds, it regains the water in very different condition from that in which it first landed on the island.

In August, then, the "season," if I may so term it, is over. The bulls have gone down to the sea, to return no more, or at least only very occasionally, till the following year. All trace of organization in the rookery is now lost. The busy life still continues, and the numbers scarcely seem diminished, but the *holluschicki* roam where they please without let or hindrance, and the masses have become more discrete and scattered. The pups have nearly all learnt to swim — an art which, curious to relate, appears in their case to be not natural, but acquired. Then comes autumn, a season short enough in these latitudes, and the numbers become thinned. With the first snow many take their departure, and by the end of October the majority are gone. After the 20th of November, I was told, scarcely one is to be seen, save here and there some late-born pup who has as yet not perfected himself in the art of swimming. It is a commonly received

opinion among the Bering Island Aleuts that an early departure portends a severe winter, while on the other hand, if the animals remain beyond the usual time, a more open season will be experienced.

Both on land and in the water it is with the fore limb that the seal progresses. When swimming, steering only is managed by the long hind flippers, which bear a singularly close resemblance, both in texture and appearance, to a lady's long black-kid glove. The animals seem to take particular care of these appendages, either keeping them straight out at the side, or lifting them up in ridiculous manner when walking. The gait is awkward, making the creature appear as if partly paralyzed, a step or two being first taken with the fore limb and the hind-quarters then approximated by an arching of the spine, the method of progression thus resembling that of a "geometer" caterpillar. Although slow, the seal can cover a good deal of ground and is often found at some distance from the sea. He is, moreover, a very passable climber, ascending rocks and cliffs which those unaccustomed to his habits would deem quite beyond the range of his powers. All, adults and young, are very sensitive to atmospheric changes. Their ideal weather is certainly not ours. A cold, raw fog is most appreciated, and sun, warmth, and clear skies drive them at once into the sea.

There is probably not another instance in the animal world in which the male differs so strikingly from the female as in the case of *Callorhinus*. Up to the age of three years they are alike in size, but after that period, while the female ceases to grow, the bull increases from year to year in size and fatness until he becomes gigantic. Thus, according to Mr. Elliott, the weight of a three-year-old male is about ninety pounds and its length about four feet, but an old bull would weigh six hundred pounds and measure seven feet. Enormous masses of fat load his chest and shoulders, and the increase in bulk renders him unwieldy and unable to get about like a *holluschack*. It is these old warriors, nevertheless, who get the best places in the rookery, where weight rather than agility wins the day. Taking the average weight of a female as ninety or one hundred pounds their consorts when arrived at full growth may be said to be just six times their size!

When the seal has reached its sixth year the fur it yields is much deteriorated in quality. Still older, it is practically worthless. The skin of the pup, on the

other hand, not having reached its full size, has also not reached its full value. It is evident, then, since the slaughter of the cows would be manifestly an unwise proceeding, that the males between the ages of two and five years should alone be killed, if it be desired to keep the rookeries undiminished in numbers and to obtain the best commercial results. This system, with still further limitations, is that adopted. The *holluschack* has unconsciously lent himself to its furtherance. The playgrounds, being distinct and separate, not only permit of his being driven off comfortably to the slaughter without any difficulties of separation from others of different sex or age, but also obviate the necessity of disturbing the breeding-grounds, which are seldom penetrated even by the officials. When therefore a "drive" is resolved on, two or three natives run in between the *holluschicki* and the sea and herd them landwards, an operation which with these slow-moving animals is easily affected. As many as it is desired to kill are then separated, and the march to the place of execution commences. It is fittingly funereal in pace, for, if overdriven, the animals not only die on the road, but the quality of the fur in the survivors is spoiled. Even at the rate of half a mile an hour many are compelled to fall out of the ranks. No difficulty is experienced, and with a man or two on either flank and in rear, the seals are herded with far less trouble than a flock of sheep. In some instances the killing-grounds are at a considerable distance from the rookery, in others they are quite near. Strange to say, the proximity of thousands of putrefying carcasses of their kind does not seem in any way to affect the survivors.

Arrived on the ground, the animals are left a while to rest and get cool, and are then separated out in small batches to be killed. A staff between five and six feet in length, with a knob at the end, weighted with lead, is used in the operation. The animal is struck on the head, and a knife thrust into the chest penetrates the heart or great vessels, and causes rapid death. Upon the subject of cruelty in the slaughter and skinning of the fur-seals much unnecessary ink has recently been shed. Whatever exists is neither more nor less than is perpetrated by English butchers in the course of their daily avocations. The skin is removed at once, and the carcass left to rot where it lies. In this way enormous quantities of valuable oil are wasted. The animals killed are, without exception,



males at the beginning of the third and fourth years.

The after-history of the skins it is not within the province of this paper to relate, for a description of the method of curing would alone fill many pages. It is enough to say that they leave the islands roughly salted and tied together in bundles, the company's steamer calling twice yearly. The interest at present is centred in the living animal and not in the product—in the goose and not the golden eggs; and the life-history, as we have just studied it, of the animal now so largely attracting the world's attention is of no little importance in the question whether Bering's Sea shall or shall not be open to British and other foreign vessels. That sealing, as carried on by the poaching schooners, is a very paying trade there is no doubt whatever. Year by year the number of vessels thus engaged increases. It is not easy to obtain information, but probably not less than thirty fit out on the American seaboard, and about the same number on the Asiatic side. We know that over forty thousand seal skins were landed on the American continent in 1890 and we cannot estimate the "take" of the craft from Japan and China as much less than thirty thousand. This is almost equal to half the combined yield of the Komandorskis and the Prybilofs. At this rate the fur-seal will at no very remote period in the future become as extinct as his former comrade the Rhytina. It cannot be denied that international interests, totally apart from any political question, demand that this danger shall be averted.

It has been stated, by those who hold a brief for the "illicit" schooners, that the seals breed at various places on the North American coast and its islands—a statement which, if true, would of course materially alter the aspect of the case. But though doubtless a good number of the animals stop to rest there and "haul-up," or a few even, from rarely occurring causes, to give birth to a young one, these localities cannot for a moment, I think, be put forward as the real source of the schooners' cargoes. Zoology reaches us that the fur-seal is a gregarious animal, and it is in the immediate neighborhood of the vast breeding-grounds I have just described that the bulk of the skins is obtained. Although perhaps actual landing on a rookery is not so much practised as formerly, the dense sea-fogs render the three-mile limit a dead-letter. As a poacher's rabbit is "one as I just found dead in the hedge, sir," so the greater number of sealskins in a schoo-

er's hold will be found on enquiry—of the captain—to have been killed on the broad bosom of the Pacific.

The question, as I have said, is one involving general interests, and does not merely affect the company renting the islands, and the government which obtains its £60,000 or £70,000 therefrom. The system of slaughter at present in vogue must be put a stop to. But a *mare clausum* is to England as a red rag; she will have none of it. Nor, indeed, can it be said that it would set the matter at rest; for it would not entirely do away with illicit stealing. One alternative at least remains—the establishment of a close time, to be recognized internationally and enforced by cruisers of the various nations concerned in the preservation of this valuable animal. In the spring-migration northward, every adult female seal is heavy with young. From June till August the breeding season is at its height, while from the latter month till the end of October the fur is in bad condition and of little value. Most of the animals taken by the schooners are shot or harpooned while swimming or lying asleep on the surface of the water, when it is impossible with certainty to ascertain the sex. Given these facts, the inference is obvious. A close season should be established from April until the end of October, during which time it should under no circumstances be permissible to kill seals except upon the rookeries. The animals would still remain *feræ naturæ*, and then capture during the southern migration would be legal. But under these circumstances it is highly improbable that the illicit sealers would find the trade sufficiently remunerative to be undertaken. Of the slaughter of cows in young, males with useless pelts, and undersized pups we have had enough. By this means the question would be shifted from political to zoological grounds, and the recently established and totally unjustifiable trade of the seal-poacher would be effectually, but legitimately ended.

F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.

From Temple Bar.

"EOTHEN" KINGLAKE.

"YES, I had heard of Kinglake's chivalrous goings on," writes Mr. Kenyon to a common friend under date October 31, 1854. "We were saying yesterday that though he might write a book, he was among the last men to go that he might



write a book. And a friend of his added, 'he is wild about matters military, if so calm a man is ever wild.' We all hope that he may come home unscathed; that no ill-natured fellow may say, 'Serve him right for going at all.'

Kinglake was in the Crimea at the above date. He was with Lord Raglan's staff at the storming of the heights of Alma. The first sensation of being in battle he likened to the excitement of fox-hunting; but in far other terms he described the night scene, when the din and turmoil of the fight was over. He was amongst those who carried succor to the wounded—succor to friend and foe alike—on the dead encumbered field, where many a ghastly sight was seen under the dancing lanterns borne by the searchers.

Kinglake's interest in military matters was indeed very genuine; it was a great disappointment to him in life that his extreme shortness of sight rendered him physically unfit for the profession which of all others he would have preferred. In the daily routine of conventional existence his nature became somnolent; it was probably the unconscious effort to escape from this deadening influence that sent him in early life to encounter the dangers and difficulties of Eastern travel, and again at intervals to Algeria and to the Crimea, that the blast of trumpets and the roll of drums might stir to action the frost-bound volcano of the soul within him.

Mr. Kinglake's defective sight may in some degree be held responsible for the shyness and formality of his manners in general society. In person he was short and slight, with finely chiselled features and an intellectual brow; he had a singularly bloodless complexion, not the pallor of ill-health, but rather the grey whiteness of a two thousand years old Greek bust. His cold, impressive manner, his slowness of speech, and gentle voice, were strangely at variance with the biting sarcasm that at times fell from his lips. But his pen was ever more virulent than his spoken word. His hatred of wrong-doers was expressed with so much elaboration and reiteration that the tirade occasionally lost somewhat of the genuine force of spontaneity. In his happier moods of table talk, Kinglake would poise his epigrams with extraordinary deliberation. His wit had the charm of all true wit—unexpectedness; you felt that he said what no one else would ever have thought of saying; therein was the quintessence of its flavor, a manner of thought and expression not to be imitated

or parodied. He was often at his best when two or three were gathered together, or long ago at his mother's dinner-table, when the world was younger, and before Louis Napoleon had found his chronicler.

Kinglake was only an intermittent talker in general society, for—rare habit even among the wisest of us—he never spoke unless he had something to say. Ye gods, what golden silence there would be if this were an abiding law in our hearts! Crabb Robinson averred that Kinglake sometime slept for a brief space, when his interest in the conversation flagged, much as he himself describes ministers doing at the celebrated Cabinet Council where peace and war were in the balance.

Mr. Grote was once heard to remark "that for a person of his reputation, Mr. Kinglake was the duller man that he had ever met at a dinner-party." But then, as Sydney Smith said, "Mr. Grote was so ladylike." He was in fact, in his measured, courteous manner, the very type of that "utter respectability" which is railed against as soul-deadening and antipathetic to the natural man in the pages of "Eöthen." Kinglake, encased in his own formality, would doubtless have warmed towards "the gentlemanlike Mrs. Grote," who, with her robust language and trenchant remarks, never lost time over euphemisms, or cared to call a spade by any other name. Kinglake, by force of contrast, liked dash and vigor in a talking companion; he declared that his heart stopped if he was bored. A lady friend of his suggested that his pulse should be felt at dinner after the second *entrée*, and if not satisfactory he should be allowed to change places.

Kinglake was certainly not in a state of boredom when he shrewdly observed, in speaking of the sage of Chelsea, whom he did not love, "Carlyle talks like Jeremiah; but so far from being a prophet, he is a bad Scotch joker," adding, "I believe he knows himself to be a windbag." Kinglake was not in sympathy with German modes of thought; his early prejudice against everything Teutonic was very marked. He went so far as to say that he did not believe in any one succeeding in life who took up strongly with the German language or its literature. Though far from being a typical Englishman, he had some amusing insular prejudices. One of the few canons of his creed was—at least he averred it was—a belief that if a Frenchman behaved well, he would be rewarded by finding himself born an Englishman in

a future life; and *vice versa*, a badly conducted Britisher would be degraded into becoming French in his secondary stage of existence.

In describing "Marshall St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy," Kinglake says he was the impersonation of what our forefathers had in their minds when they spoke of "a Frenchman;" then follows, as every one will remember, the pitiless dissection of a character whose nearest approach to virtue was personal daring and unscrupulous ambition. Kinglake's bitter animosity against this soldier of France, may be explained by the fact that he had been with St. Arnaud in Algiers; had ridden with him in fellowship across the desert when the French forces were sent to punish the revolted tribes. The Englishman had cordially admired the handsome colonel, with his charming manner and eager style of speech, little thinking that beneath that gay exterior and light-hearted vanity there lay concealed, in grave secrecy, the hellish purpose that doomed five hundred fugitives to a hideous death in the cave of Shelas. St. Arnaud's letter to his brother describes the event with unparalleled cynicism. He says:—

I had all the apertures [of the cave] hermetically stopped up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one knew but myself that there were five hundred brigands therein. . . . Brother, no one is so good as I am by taste and nature. . . . I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same again.

The disgust and horror excited by this foul deed, executed in secrecy and cold blood, in close proximity to where he stood, as he (Kinglake) thought, on the field of a fair fight, made a deep and lasting impression on him; in truth it must be allowed to be the key-note of his detestation of the "brethren of the Elysée."

Whether the time and manner of Kinglake's unsparing attack on the emperor of the French was well chosen or in good taste under the circumstances, may be questioned. Louis Napoleon is reported to have said on reading the volumes, in reference to the attack on himself, "*c'est ignoble*." History has had her final word since then — and scored for Kinglake.

The *quid nuncs* who are always suspecting the "eternal feminine," declared that the historian had a grievance against Prince Louis that made his hatred a very personal matter indeed. Kinglake liked the society of clever women; the illogical vivacity of the female mind amused and excited him. He was capable of very

sedate friendships with the other sex; his life-long regard for Mrs. Proctor is an instance. After his return from the East he read with her husband for the Chancery Bar; and in this way became acquainted with one of the cleverest, and at the same time one of the most sarcastic, women in London society. It was believed amongst his associates that Mrs. Proctor was "Our Lady of Bitterness," alluded to in the preface to "Eöthen." This preface, by the way, unlike most things of the kind, is excellent reading. Kinglake felt and believed in female influence; he used to say, "Men will never be made really religious till the Church establishes an order of Priestesses. Women have their spiritual pastors; a man should have his priestess — his Egeria."

On being asked why he had never married, certainly being no woman hater, he replied, "Because he had observed that wives always preferred other men to their own husbands." Kinglake was chivalrous about ideal men and women; his imagination revelled in a picturesque glamor of things; but his fastidious nature would never have borne with equanimity the inevitable rubs of life in double harness.

Kinglake's fastidiousness moulded his manner into its ultimate form of literary presentment. His letters generally were wanting in the characteristic brilliancy of style that marked his finished work. Some men's letters, on the contrary, in their freshness and freedom, are better reading than their more labored productions. The proof-sheets of some portions of the "Invasion of the Crimea" were a perfect marvel of elaborate and careful finish. The corrections and interpolations were endless. The writer was evidently a severe critic of his own work. The balance of a sentence was very often rearranged, and other words and phrases substituted for those that stood in the first reading. The corrections were done with such consummate skill that you came to see it would not be possible to find language more terse, more lucid, or more appropriate than that of the final form adopted by Kinglake to express what he had to say. It is the old remark exemplified — easy reading is hard writing.

But with all its elaboration, perhaps over-elaboration of style there is nothing in the "History" which can at all compete with the charm of that single volume of travel which made Kinglake's reputation.

"Eöthen" in a chapter of autobiography written in the happiest vein of humorous self-portraiture. Who can forget the inci-

dent, as Kinglake describes it, of his meeting in the desert an Englishman with his cavalcade?

As we approached each other [he says] it became a question whether we should speak; I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be according to my nature; but still I could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him. Of course among civilized people the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking; but I was shy and indolent, and felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor in the midst of these broad solitudes. The traveller perhaps felt as I did, for except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street.

Some one (it was an enemy who said this thing) wished no better sport than to see Kinglake interviewed by a Yankee journalist; however, like the Duke of Wellington, when asked if he was surprised at Waterloo, he would doubtless have been equal to the occasion. It is true Kinglake hated being put to the question. He gave up visiting at a very pleasant house solely because, as he said, he no sooner made his appearance than father, mother, and daughters bombarded him with questions. It was like being put into a witness-box; and he added, "that he felt sure, when he left the house, that he had in some way perjured himself." He gave up some other acquaintances in consequence of their having a manservant who invariably announced the guests in a stentorian voice. No one heeded the entrance of Mr. John Jones or Lady Brown, nor did the herald himself take much account of them, but he knew his master's lions, and their names resounded through the apartment. It was the dislike that Kinglake had to hearing his name given out before a crowd that led him to go early to parties; he was generally the first guest to arrive at a dinner. He told the following story of himself very amusingly. He had been invited to dine with Mrs. Sartoris soon after her marriage, and before he had made the acquaintance of his friend's husband. When he entered the drawing-room — arriving early as usual — he found only his host, who, by the way, had the reputation of being a very silent man. Mr. Sartoris bowed courteously, and by a wave of the hand indicated that his guest should be seated. Then the two sat on either side of the fireplace without speaking.

After a few moments [said Kinglake] it be-

came a duel of silence between us. The contest was so equally maintained, that neither of us spoke during the ten minutes that elapsed before the lady of the house appeared and introduced us.

Kinglake was rather amusing on the subject of Miss Martineau's deafness; he remarked that it was no drawback in her case, for she talked so unceasingly that she never had any occasion to hear what others said. The following is an instance of the humorous turn he could give to a very prosaic incident. It chanced that a few Somersetshire friends were talking over the case of a clergyman in the west who was under the grave suspicion of conducting himself improperly towards a female member of his congregation. Parties were divided, and some of his parishioners, wishing to show that they believed he had been cruelly maligned, made a subscription and presented him with a silver inkstand. "Yes, I see," said Kinglake dryly; "the parish has presented their rector with a piece of plate for not seducing his clerk's daughter."

Among the thousand and one amusing things in "Eöthen" is his account of the disillusion that would overtake the man who sought to adopt the life of an Arab for the sake of seclusion; as a fact, the inmates of the tents are crammed together.

You would find yourself [he says] in perpetual contact with a mass of hot fellow-creatures. It is true that all who are inmates of the same tent are related to each other, but I am not quite sure that that circumstance adds much to the charm of such a life. At all events, before you finally determine to become an Arab, try a gentle experiment: take one of those small shabby houses in May Fair and shut yourself up in it with forty or fifty shrill cousins for a couple of weeks in July.

One is irresistibly reminded of Sydney Smith's humorous complaint when, writing to a friend, he says: "Our house is full of cousins; I wish they were all first cousins — once removed."

Speaking of Somersetshire, no man could be more free from any sentimental partiality for the county of his birth than Kinglake. His friends and his interests were elsewhere. His distaste for local associations in the west was increased by the fact of his being unseated for the borough of Bridgwater in 1868, for alleged bribery on the part of his agents. It was a great and an abiding mortification to him; he spoke of himself afterwards as "a political corpse." His ambition certainly was for political rather than literary distinction. Of science he had little or no

knowledge—he belonged—to a pre-scientific age. Kinglake once spoke of himself as "little bookish by nature," and certainly his very genuine enthusiasm for classic scenes was not the result of the Greek instilled into his unwilling mind by the pedagogue who ruled over the "dismal days" of his schoolboy life. It was the English of Pope's translation that fired him with a love of Homer's battles.

In speaking of his travels, at a time when the recollection was not yet too remote, Kinglake would on rare occasions give in a few vivid words the description of a picturesque incident, in a manner impossible to reproduce, but which remained stamped with the seal of genius on the listener's memory. Sometimes it was an account of the landing near Abydos after a glorious sail through classic Hellespont; the wild ride that brought them within sight of the tomb of Achilles, and the keen starlight that canopied their bivouac on the banks of the Scamander. He made you feel the rapture that kindled his own nature when, at length, standing on the plains of Troy, the beautiful story lost its fabulous character, and assumed the proportions of reality; and then was he enabled to identify in a manner satisfactory to his own mind the sight of the far-famed city.

In another mood the traveller has been known to recall the unwonted sentiment of reverence that subdued his spirit when the end of a long day's ride brought him among the hills of beautiful Galilee, and when, within sight of Nazareth, he saw the sun go down in solemn splendor.

A man can better face the prosaic limitation, the tedious conventionality of our indoor, plodding life in the West after he has steeped his soul in the glamor of the Orient. Something of this may have led Kinglake to take his pleasure in the East, "to fortify himself," as he said, "for the business of life." Some of his early friends found it difficult to understand what motive could impel a man of his temperament to undertake so toilsome and so dangerous a journey; for in his day the impediments and risks of travel had to be taken into account. The desire did not arise, it is true, from any special orthodox reverence for the "holy places," for Gibbon might have been his sponsor in all matters of faith.

Half a century and more has passed since this Eastern journey took place. It is needless to say how much is changed. It was early in July, 1834, that Kinglake gave his college friend Lord Pollington, a

rendezvous at Hamburg. The route the fellow-travellers took was *via* Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna. From the latter place they went down the Danube to Semlin. Prince Demidoff, in his travels in 1830, alludes to the recent introduction of steamboats on the river, and declares that "in making the Danube one of the great commercial highways of the world, steam has united the East with the West." But nature had placed the iron gates of the Danube in the way of this consummation.

When Kinglake arrived at Semlin, the frontier town of Turkey, Belgrade frowned upon him from the other side of the Save. On entering this fortress, it was to commit himself to a plague-suspected country, with "wheel-going Europe" left behind. And now he was to see with his own eyes "the splendor and the havoc of the East."

The romance of travel belongs to the past. The traveller of to-day, instead of starting from Belgrade on horseback, with a retinue of dragomen and tatars armed to the teeth, leaves his hotel in an omnibus, and departs from the railway station armed only with a Cook's ticket; leaving at 9.30 A.M., say, on Tuesday morning, and he is due at Constantinople at four o'clock on the afternoon of the next day. So passes away the glory of travel.

It took Kinglake fifteen days to accomplish the ride of eight hundred and fifty miles from Belgrade to Constantinople; he was delayed somewhat by the illness of his friend, but not long, for there was no hospitality to be obtained *en route* for a sick man, who by token of his sickness fell under the terrible suspicion of being plague-stricken. Our travellers journeying through the majestic forests of Servia, "rousing the eagles of the Balkans" in the pass of Sapoli, and toiling on from thence to Philippopolis and Adrianople, trod in the very steps of the first Crusaders. The iron road of to-day does not deviate very far from the same line of march. His Eastern tour, in point of time, extended beyond its original limits, owing in great part to the serious outbreak of the plague in Egypt, where he was detained. He was absent altogether more than fifteen months, and did not return to England till October, 1835.

The record of his travels did not appear in print till 1844, and then not till the MS. had been rejected by some of the leading publishers. From the moment that his book made him famous, Kinglake's intimate friends delighted in calling him

"Eöthen." Among such as survive, the name applied personally is familiar enough, and serves to recall, not without a sense of regret, the brilliant promise of Kinglake's manhood—a promise not wholly redeemed by his career either at the bar or in Parliament, or even by the literary work that occupied the last thirty years of his life.

From The Leisure Hour.  
COST OF A LONDON FOG.

A LONDON fog is not merely a cheerless and disagreeable, but also a very costly affair. Some years ago, after a day of regular fog in the month of January, the following statement was issued by the Gas Light and Coke Company: "Ninety million cubic feet of gas were sent out during the twenty-four hours ending at midnight. This quantity was an increase on that of the corresponding day in the previous year (which may be taken as an ordinary January day) of thirty-seven per cent., or over thirty-five million cubic feet."

The price was at that time three shillings per thousand cubic feet, so that the public had to pay to this one company £5,250 extra on account of the fog. No less than nine thousand five hundred tons of coal were carbonized during the twenty-four hours to produce ninety million cubic feet of gas—the largest quantity ever sent out in one day by the Gas Light and Coke Company.

Let it be remembered that this was the quantity ascertained and declared by only one of the companies supplying gas to the public; others having also an enormous production, such as the South Metropolitan Gas Company, the strike at the works of which at Lambeth last year caused so much difficulty and annoyance. What was the total amount over the average due to that January day's fog, there are no statistics to show; but it is evident that the cost to the public for additional light must be very great.

Nor is it by gas bills only that the cost of a fog is to be reckoned, in the matter of artificial light. Gas meters and the records of gas companies afford some approximate statistics, but how can we reckon the total expense to the multitudes who use candles and lamps of every kind?

Many readers will remember the famous "Economical Project," as he called it, of

Benjamin Franklin. He thus introduced his plan to the people of Paris: "I was the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of M. Lange was exhibited, and much admired for its splendor. But inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded; in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point; but I was pleased to see the general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly." A few days after, Franklin published his project, which was no other than a recommendation to use sunlight more, and artificial light less. The paper is in Franklin's best style, full of sound sense and genial humor, but our reference to it is only on account of the calculation he makes as to the cost of candle-light. Suppose, he says, there are one hundred thousand families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of bougies, or candles, per hour. Taking one family with another this, he thought a moderate estimate. In the six months between March 20 and September 20 there are one hundred and eighty-three nights, during seven hours of which candles are burnt; in all twelve hundred and eighty-one hours. These hours multiplied by one hundred thousand give the total of one hundred and twenty-eight million one hundred thousand hours. At the current price of wax and tallow, he demonstrated that the city of Paris could save ninety-six million seventy-five thousand livres, in the half year, by early rising and using sunlight! There would be also considerable saving in the other six months, though the days are shorter. It is pleasant to recall this *jeu d'esprit* of Franklin, as it sets us a-thinking what must be the actual cost of candle-light and lamp-light in the hundreds of thousands of houses and work-rooms, shops and offices, during a regular London fog.

There are many things besides the increased expense for light that must be counted in the cost of a fog. We wonder how much the railway companies have to pay for the detonating signals, heard on every line and near every station, on a foggy morning or evening, for the safety of the crowds of passengers, as well as of property. Inquiry at one of the chief stations failed to obtain any trustworthy estimate of this expense.

The largest and most serious loss due to fog is caused by the total cessation of labor and traffic on the river. Not the steamers only, but the barges and lighters



and boats of every kind, have to be laid up, to avoid collision and other mishaps; and work has to be suspended at the riverside wharves and quays. On some occasions, when the fog has been dense and long-continued, the commercial loss has been enormous, and the poor laborers have also suffered from the enforced suspension of business on the river.

Shopkeepers detest fogs because customers avoid dark days for shopping, and "carriage people" stay at home. Cabmen dislike them, from the waste of time and the damage to which their vehicles are liable. Drivers of omnibuses, and of wheeled vehicles of every sort, know the danger, especially as it is almost impossible to discern the customary signal of raising the hand or the whip, which warns those behind to stop. The crash of broken panels is no infrequent sound amidst the gloom. To some outdoor trades and occupations a fog puts a complete stop, and many an indoor industry is seriously hindered. One winter, not long ago, there was a loud complaint from painters, and color printers, and artists, that the fogs interfered so much with their work that the loss to them was very great. In fact, to all sorts and conditions of men, except to thieves and rogues, a London fog is an injury and a nuisance.

A far more serious thing is the loss of life inevitable during a fog. Some years ago there was an unusual visitation during the time of the Cattle Show at Islington, and not a few of the animals perished. At the Cattle Show of 1890 there were also many casualties from pulmonary disease caused by the fog, including the queen's prize ox, which had to be slaughtered. It may be said that this was natural, as the fat, overfed pigs and oxen had difficulty

enough in breathing even when the air was clear. But the fatal effect of the fog was much commented on at the time, and may now remind us how injurious it is to men as well as to animals. There may in ordinary fog be no remarkable or immediate increase in the rate of mortality, but the permanent mischief done to those of delicate lungs and feeble constitution tells afterwards.

Then there is scarcely a fog in which fatal accidents are not reported, either in the streets or on the river. Every winter a certain number of persons are struck down and maimed or actually slain in the confusion and darkness of a London fog. We may well wish success to all undertakings which give promise of lessening the evils of such visitations, whether by larger introduction of electric light, or draining the Essex marshes, or compelling chimneys to consume their own smoke.

A recent statement by Mr. Sowerby at a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society shows that the loss is large in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. In answer to a question by Professor Bentley, vice president of the society, the secretary said the destructive action of fog on plants was most felt by those tropical plants in the society's houses of which the natural habitat was one exposed to sunshine. Plants growing in forests or under tree shade did not so directly feel the want of light; but then, again, a London or town fog not only shaded the plants, but contained smoke, sulphur, and other deleterious agents, which were perhaps as deadly to vegetable vitality as absence of light. Soft, tender-leaved plants, and aquatics, such as the *Victoria regia*, suffered more from fog than any class of plants.

AN ACT OF CHIVALRY. — The *Kobe Shim-bun*, a Japanese native paper, tells, in its quaint way, an exciting story of how an Englishman whom a Japanese endeavored to save from drowning was able to reciprocate his would-be salvor's humanity. The Englishman, who is a resident at Tokyo, being on his way to Yokohama, and finding no ferry boat owing to the swollen state of the river, determined to swim across with his clothing in a bundle tied on his head. The daring attempt attracted a crowd of sightseers, one of whom, observing that the stranger was in apparent difficulty, plunged in and swam to his rescue. The Japanese, according to the narrative, was a good swimmer, but the waters ran swiftly,

his strength gave out, and he was carried down the stream. Then arose a cry from the spectators, for they saw that the Japanese was going to sink. By this time the Englishman had almost reached the opposite bank, but when he heard the cries of the crowd he turned about, and seeing the drowning Japanese he again faced the current, and, coming up with the drowning man, caught him with one arm and, swimming with the other hand he brought him ashore amid the cheers of the crowd. "How chivalrous was his action!" exclaims the Japanese journalist in conclusion. "His name we know not, but he has our highest admiration."